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THE WOES OF CLERKDOM.

A VOICE lately arose from distressed Clerkdom, oppressed with the growing necessities of the age, and the increasing difficulty of making both ends meet. While other callings have advanced their rate of wage so as to keep pace with the times, the poor clerks are in no position to extract higher salaries from their employers, but are in the habit of seeing food, light, firing, house-shelter, rise steadily up-up-up, leaving their own means so much the feebler. Worse than this: the clerkly employment is not only poor, but precarious. Let a merchant's book-keeper once lose his situation, and he may not gain another for months—even for years may be. If after dispiriting waiting and anxiety he finds employment, it is perchance in a subordinate capacity, from which he must work his way up again. Meanwhile during the struggling period in which he was "out of collar," as the clerkly slang goes, debts have accumulated, and he finds his future hampered for an indefinite period. If he is further incumbered with wife and family, woe to him and them! There is no union to help him when out of work, save that horrible ultimate union from which all honest souls shrink; no association or mutual aid society, or even register office, on beneficent principles to put him in the way of employment. Indeed the latter object would mostly be hard to find even if there were. Register offices cannot manufacture situations, and the difficulty with the clerk question is, that there are far more employés than employers. The ranks of the clerks are swelled every year by new recruits drawn from that youthful generation, whose parents are in trade or in poor professions. There is a certain gentility surrounding the clerk's estate, which makes it a haven for would-be gentlemen. Young Tom Firkin, whose father is comfortably circumstanced in the butter trade, has acquired at school a smattering of Latin, a hazy notion of the geography of at least four European states, and as much arithmetic as enables him to obtain a fleeting glimpse of simple equations. Besides this, he has acquired an incipient taste for meerschaums and the society of barmaids. Naturally his soul revolts from the butter business. His father's trade is not good enough for him. It is ungentlemanly; it involves an apron and the degradation of being seen behind a counter. Much pleasanter is the notion of riding to the City on an omnibus at nine in the morning, and returning thence between five and six, in the society of other choice spirits with vices and tastes like his own. So Tom becomes a clerk, and old Firkin's business drifts elsewhere; and Mr. Tom at the age of thirty, if he is lucky, finds himself in the receipt of a hundred and twenty per annum, whereas at the butter trade he would have been making five times that sum.

Or take the dissimilar instance of Master Cecil Fortescue, whose father is the incumbent of a small living. The Rev. W. Fortescue is richer in olive-branches than in worldly possessions, and he has the usual clerical horror of any calling that does not carry Position with it. He shrinks from trade as a pollution. He would as soon train up his son for burglary as make him a carpenter or a draper's assistant. No! whatever happens, his son must "always remember that he is a gentleman." So, as the Rev. W. Fortescue's means will not go the length of fitting Cecil for a professional career, either as barrister, doctor, or engineer; as he has not much influence in the Church; and further, as Cecil shows no aptitude for anything in particular; what can the fond parent do but send his boy into a merchant's office? Of all callings, that of curate and that of clerk are the only two which offer some little surety for the incompetent. So not only Cecil, but Cecil's four brothers become clerks, feeling that they thus retain the shadow if not the substance of gentility. They do no meaner manual labour than the machine-copying of letters, the occasional sucking of postage-stamps, and the casual conveyance of sample-packages. They have their "office in the City"—their employer's office, which is the same thing; and their palms are not roughened with work unless they choose voluntarily to roughen them on the river.

Unfortunately this poor device for maintaining an unimpaired status in society or for improving one's status or that of one's father, is only good so long as "the gentleman" is young and single. From seventeen to two-and-twenty, a hundred pounds for those five years may serve to support the young gentleman under his parents' roof-tree. He has ten pounds for the first year, when he knows nothing; fifteen for the second; twenty for the third; and so rises five pounds, until, at the termination of his apprenticeship, he has been receiving thirty pounds for the year's service. At four or five-and-twenty he may fortunately earn a pound a week. But it is in after-life that the true price is paid for the genteel vocation, and then he finds the mockery of that social status which the social means will not keep up. All through the race he has been pressed hard by the competition of other impecunious gentlemen like himself, also hungering for elegant employment, and ready to oust him on the first chance. He has to compete with the sons of well-to-do tradesmen, who can afford to take less than he, since their fathers eke out their salaries. He sees situations invaded by clerks from Scotland and from Germany—hardy immigrants who thrive on as many pence as he makes pounds, and who thus push him from his stool—cunning linguists to boot, who can match his feeble Latin with a fluent knowledge of French and German. And then perhaps the bad time comes: his firm fails, and he loses his berth to find all other cognate berths filled, and recruits in all the ante-rooms ready for employment on any terms. Clerkly work is not skilled labour: a fair knowledge of writing and ciphering, and a certain degree of trustworthiness are all the qualities necessary; and these are no uncommon talents in the crowd. Of course the higher grades of clerks may to a certain extent command the market; the accomplished managers, the cashiers in large concerns, and the salesmen need not go begging; but it is the non-commissioned officer and the rank-and-file on whom the hardship presses, and they who make the wail.

The remedy is hard to seek in the case of actual sufferers. Emigration will not avail, for in the colonies there is still less demand for unskilled labour than here. Foreign banks and colonial mercantile companies require servants, but they pick select men from their hands at home, and the immigrant would have no chance. But if present suffering cannot easily be alleviated, future suffering may be averted by discouraging the supply. Let foolish fathers and aspiring sons put aside that silly notion about gentility—that craving for status as the circumstance of labour instead of the end of labour. A man is really a gentleman because of himself, and not because of his calling. There are, of course, degrees: it is not easy for a dustman or a chimney-sweep to be a man of refinement; he cannot earn enough to acquire and maintain culture. But it is easy for a grocer, a carpenter, a shoemaker, to become as gentle as books and intellectual tastes can make him. It is easier for a rich grocer to become this than for a poor book-keeper; for the shifts and worries of poverty will coarsen the original gentleman more than the handling of sugar. Our advice to the prosperous tradesman is,—Send your son to business if he must earn his livelihood: aided by your knowledge and counsel, he may make his fortune earlier than you made yours; and it will be time enough then to make a man of quality out of him. To the struggling parson, the dainty professional parent, we would say,—Let the boy go into trade; honest trade defiles not, but impecunious pretence *does* defile; and your gentleman of a boy may come to write begging letters to the newspapers—and there is little dignity in *that*. And to the youthful aspirant himself we say,—Go into a shop or factory, you young booby; and if you must be a highflyer, be so after the day's work is done; there is plenty of opportunity; and at the lowest computation you will be a better "swell" with a full pocket than with the scanty remains of a mercantile salary—little enough when landlady, and tailor, and dinners are paid. And all this is without counting the future—the impoverished future of the clerk, the surer future of the tradesman. Why, even an unexpected, an undeserved accident will fling the clerk out of his livelihood, and he is a beggar *pro tem.* But the skilful draper's assistant can walk out of one situation into another as easily as he changes his hatter or bootmaker. And yet there be foolish people, young and old, who desiderate the clerk's rather than the draper's calling: "It is so much more gentlemanly you know!"

◆

THE legal world is generally excited, because an interesting point of law was *not* raised by Mr. Whalley. In the delivery of the judgment of the Queen's Bench, the Chief Judge, after stating the fine that would be inflicted, and "that the offenders be imprisoned until the fine is paid," suddenly stopped, consulted with his brethren, and then added. "It is not, however, necessary as to persons in your position to add the latter part of the sentence, and, therefore, the sentence is that each of you pay a fine of £100." This naturally gave rise to the idea that the Court imagined it had no power to commit a member of Parliament for contempt of Court. The Lord Chief Justice has, however, announced that such is not the opinion of the Court, and that they have no doubt as to their power. There are old cases where a member has been released, and modern instances in which a member of Parliament has been committed for contempt, and the House has declined to interfere, but whether its non-interference was caused by inability to do so, or simply by the exercise of discretion, is not so clearly proved. If Mr. Whalley had been imprisoned in the present case, we have no doubt the House would have exercised a wise discretion, and dismissed his claim for privilege with the judgment, "Served him right."

INSTRUCTIONS have been issued from the War Office to commanding officers of Volunteer corps requesting them not to immediately equip recruits, some alterations being intended in the uniform of auxiliary forces generally. It is not yet announced what the changes are which are contemplated, but it is stated that some attempt at assimilation, with certain distinctions for counties, &c., is proposed.

LORD LYTTON.

OBIIT. JAN. 18, 1873.

LYTTON is dead, whom all who read will praise:
We called him Bulwer in our schoolboy days;
Bulwer, on holiday occasions, when
We read of Pelham, prince of gentlemen;
Bulwer, when gay Paul Clifford took the road,
Stole what he wanted, paying what he owed;
Bulwer, when Eugene Aram met his fate—
We wished all ushers in the self-same state;
Bulwer, amid Pompeian scenes, and where
Mysteries surrounded Alice, fond and fair.
He was the schoolboy's friend, long years ago,
And fed young minds with generous overflow
Of a most rare invention: his delights
Seemed hardly less than the Arabian Nights.

His first phase this;—remembered it will be
In England here, in England o'er the sea.
But a new story of his life is written
Under the coat of arms of Baron Lytton,
This lover of romance, whose fancy wandered
Through fields of pleasant fiction, also pondered
Topics of mighty weight; so, when he list,
He could be orator and satirist.
Read his *Saint Stephen's*: * there you see the man,
Who, gay and brilliant when his life began,
Writing on themes that pleased a giddy throng,
Had grown with time more thoughtful and more strong.

He had pleased schoolboys in his time, and seen
Tears in the eyes of babes of seventeen,
But afterwards grew stalwart, and could paint
Statesmen in hues not indistinct or faint.
Could sketch Fox shaking out his lion-mane,
Peerless in Greek, and dicing and champagne;
Could understand Burke's vast uncommon sense,
Leaving the House a vacuum intense;
Could see that some cold light electric lit
The wondrous, dauntless mind of William Pitt;
And—seeing statesman—he could sketch them like
A strong rhyme-Rembrandt or a verse-Vandyke.

Well has he done, leaving great gifts behind,
And adding largely to the English mind.
Who so has watched his long and brave career,
Must know that he has helped the path to clear
For the last form of letters. We advance
Slowly toward the perfect prose romance;
Dickens gave humour, fun, and wondrous whim—
Micawber the delightful, Gamp the grim;
Thackeray gave an acid, cynic touch,
Which spoils the salad if 'tis used too much;
And Bulwer Lytton, whom we mourn this day,
Good poetry and pathos. Can we say
Whose the next pen to follow this great three,
And show the world what high romance should be!

* Blackwood: 1860.

PERSONAL.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are staying with the Marquis of Ailesbury at Savernake.

PRINCE NAPOLEON and the Princess Clotilde went to Osborne on Monday on a visit to the Queen.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has resigned the post of President of the Anthropological Institute.

THE Empress of Russia, on her way to Italy in the Spring, will make a stay at the Bavarian Court.

GEORGE ELIOT has received £8,000 for "Middlemarch" the highest sum ever paid to a lady for a work of fiction.

MR. TOM HOOD has been invited to deliver a series of lectures in America on the life and works of his father.

SIR GEORGE HONEYMAN will succeed Sir. J. B. Byles as a judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA's marriage with the Archduchess Gisela of Austria has been fixed for 24th April.

MR. SPURGEON's health would seem to be improving, as his lecture on "Pompeii" is announced for Tuesday next.

EDMOND ABOUT is in Rome, with the object of writing a new book on the Italian question.

M. GAMBETTA has been confined to his house of late by an attack of bronchitis.

WE understand that Sir Richard Wallace is going to stand in the Conservative interest for Lisburn at the next election.

IT is said that Marshal Serrano has written to Señor Sagasta, announcing his firm intention of retiring into private life, and of completely abandoning politics.

PRINCE NAPOLEON (says the *Swiss Times*) proposes erecting a new château on the remainder of the estate belonging to him at Prangins, Canton Vaud.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously consented to confer the honour of Knighthood on Mr. John Cordy Burrows, thrice Mayor of Brighton.

MR. FREDERICK HUDSON has a new work in the press on "Journalism in America." This gentleman was for more than thirty years a collaborator of James Gordon Bennett.

REPORTS of Sir George Jessel's succession to Lord Romilly as Master of the Rolls have been in circulation; but they are without foundation.

MR. RYLANDS will give notice on an early day of the approaching session of a motion condemning Mr. Ayrton's conduct in regard to the Park Regulations.

Sir Reginald Graham, the master of the Cotswold Hounds, has so far recovered from the effects of his recent accident in the field that he was in the saddle last week.

The *Daily News* remarks of Mr. Cardwell, "He is the Valentine of the Treasury Bench—*as Mr. Forster is its Orson.*" Nice for the latter.

An authoritative contradiction is given to a statement recently published that Prince and Princess Christian of Sleswick Holstein contemplate going abroad for some time.

Count Orloff, the Russian Ambassador at the French seat of Government, has just returned to his post from a somewhat prolonged leave of absence.

The poet Longfellow is reported to have sustained a heavy loss by the Boston fire, owing to the depreciation of insurance stock, of which he was a large holder.

M. St. Rene Tallandier has been elected a member of the Academy in the place of the late Father Gratry, by 15 votes against 13 given to M. de Veil Castel.

By a despatch from General Gallifet we learn that the Duc de Chartres has effected a brilliant reconnaissance in the direction of Batna, dispersing several invading tribes of the Saharian region.

The Rev. Canon Bardsley is making steady progress towards recovery. Since he was first seized, his face, right side right arm, and right leg were wholly paralyzed. He is now recovering power in his limbs, though still speechless.

Prince Arthur has arrived at Rome, and has taken up his residence at the Hôtel des Iles Britanniques. The King sent the Master of the Ceremonies of the Italian Court to his Royal Highness to compliment him on his arrival.

There is a whisper that Mr. Disraeli will have to give up Hughenden, unless he can make arrangements with Lady Beaconsfield's heir-at-law to retain it as tenant. But this will not make the slightest difference in Mr. Disraeli's position.

M. Gambetta has stated in conversation that he expects a great conflict in the Assembly some time next month. This, he says, will be the last effort of the Right, and he confidently predicts a dissolution next May.

Herr Krupp, the great German ironmaster, of Essen, considering that coal is likely to continue scarce and dear in Europe, has purchased, for the purpose of his great works at Essen, some collieries in the neighbourhood, at a cost of several million thalers.

At the annual distribution of prizes to the Nottingham School of Art, Mr Cole, C.B., of the South Kensington Museum, announced that next April he should complete his fiftieth year of public service, from which it was his intention to retire. Let us be thankful.

King Victor Emmanuel presented to the Princess Margherita, as a New Year's gift, a splendid medallion, made of one large turquoise surrounded with sixteen diamonds of three carats each, and a pair of earrings in turquoise and diamonds.

Sir Harry Parkes sailed on Friday on his return to Japan. Besides being engaged to do his best to allay the difficulties that beset missionary work in Japan, he is charged with the negotiation of treaties between that country and no fewer than thirteen European nations.

Dr. Schweinfurth, a German rival of Dr. Livingstone, is on his way to study the botany of Central Africa. Dr. Twa-pon-wal-la-pai, the distinguished native naturalist of Mbuyikiji, will welcome his German brother with open arms and mouth, and thoroughly investigate the anatomy of Dr. Schweinfurth.

The Tichborne Claimant addressed a large meeting at Brighton on Monday night. He stated it to be his intention to petition Parliament that Lord Chief Justice Cockburn should not preside at the approaching trial. The Claimant's cab was dragged from the lecture-hall to the hotel by an enthusiastic crowd.

The Prince of the Asturias, the son of the ex-Queen of Spain, is pursuing his studies at the Josephineum at Vienna. It will be remembered that his Highness was a fast friend of the Prince Imperial at Paris. We now hear that he has won his way into the affection of the eldest son of the Emperor of Austria. The Archduke Rudolf and he are constant playmates.

M. Thiers has sent the Cross of the Legion of Honour by an aide-de-camp of the Minister of Marine to Prince Albert of Monaco. During the war his Highness who was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy of Spain, offered his services to France, and took part in the campaign of '70 with the French fleet, which, by the way, was never positively engaged with the enemy.

Signor Scozzobava, a gentleman in the brigand line and a rival in ferocity to the celebrated Gasparone, having been attacked by serious illness, which incapacitated him for further work, retired to spend the remainder of his days in peace at Catanzaro, his winter quarters. The Italian Government, however, meanly took advantage of his misfortune, arrested him, and sent him to prison. The admirers of Jack Sheppard will be glad to learn that he has since succeeded in escaping.

Authentic information has reached Zanzibar to the effect that Dr. Livingstone had received the supplies and reinforcements put on the way by Mr. Stanley, and that, without loss of time, he had set out for the interior about the 18th of August, a fortnight after the time anticipated by Mr. Stanley. The native story is that the Doctor has gone to visit the dwellers in those subterranean villages of which we first heard when his rescue by the American searcher was announced; but it may well be believed that he will not be turned away by any mere point of curiosity from his great search for the head of the Nile.

Mr. Bright, unable to join his colleagues in addressing their supporters at the Town Hall, Birmingham, on Monday night, forwarded a letter which was read to the meeting. It expressed satisfaction with the progress that has been achieved since the last election, and observed, in palliation of mistakes that may have been made, that "the course of the wisest and best of men in the government of a great country, which is so encumbered with the errors of the past, is one full of difficulty." With respect to the future, the veteran reformer pointed to the need of readjusting the county representation, remodelling the land laws, and reducing national expenditure.

AT HOME.

Last week, it was said, there were not five tons of coals in Folkestone.

Foreigners continue to be plentifully arrested for the murder of the woman in Great Coram street.

The picture gallery of the New Library and Museum at Brighton was opened on Monday with a large and valuable collection of modern paintings.

The Liverpool School Board has resolved to suggest to the Education Department an addition to the Education Act, empowering magistrates to order the whipping of truant school children.

The high price of coal is producing great distress in Dublin among the lower grades of the working classes. It is now selling at 3s. 4d. a bag, and the complaint is made that even the bags of coal hawked about at this price are short weight.

Great damage has been done by floods in the County Longford. Lakes Conbay and Garteen and the River Camlen have risen nearly twenty feet. A portion of the county town is submerged, and the whole place is surrounded by a vast sheet of water.

Two boys died at Clifton, near Brighouse, on Monday, from the effects of an explosion of fire-damp, which occurred on the 14th inst., at the Flatts Pit. Two deaths have occurred before, making four altogether; and five other persons are injured, two of whom are not expected to recover.

A dastardly murder has been committed near Chester. Mr. Bowyer, a potato dealer, was returning home on horseback over Delamere Forest, when he was shot from behind. The horse proceeded alone to his residence, and subsequently the body was found.

Another step in the planting of the streets of Brighton with trees has been taken within the last few days. Two lines of fine young elms (presented by the Earl of Chichester) have been planted on the outer skirts of the central pavement of the Steyne.

The parishioners of Ealing have been voting on the question whether the choir of the parish church should be vested in surplices, and by a large majority it has been decided in the affirmative. At Acton the sense of the parishioners was taken by voting papers placed in the seats, and the result was the same as at Ealing.

There has been an attempt to get a test ballot of the Dowlais miners and iron-workers, but it was a comparative failure, as only a small proportion of the eleven thousand men on strike attended. The result of the ballot taken was—for work 280, against 30; leaving a majority of 250 in favour of resuming work.

Her Majesty's screw frigate *Endymion*, which left Spithead last week, has had to put back, having sustained some damage to her upper works and boat. A seaman, named Butler, fell from the maintop during the storm and was drowned, although an officer jumped overboard and tried to save him.

The country has spent half a million upon the provision of an elaborate area for the display of bill-posters. This is the only use to which the hoardings round the site of the Law Courts have been put as yet. Tenders have not yet been invited for the construction of the building, though they were promised about October or November.

Having met to consider the petition of Mr. Edwin James for re-admission to the Bar, the Judges resolved that notice of the petition should be sent to the Society of the Inner Temple, and that on the 20th of February they should sit at Serjeants' Inn to hear the reasons the Benchers of the Inner Temple may adduce for maintaining their disbarring order.

On Saturday the Board of Trade inquiry at Liverpool into the circumstances which led to the loss of the English steamer *Germany* at the mouth of the Garonne, when some thirty persons perished, terminated in the return of the captain's certificate, the Court being of opinion that the French pilot alone was responsible for the disaster.

We learn from Southwold, Suffolk, that on Sunday morning, about eight o'clock, the lifeboat on that station was launched, and was successful in saving the master and crew of seven men of the brig *Belle Isle*, of Shoreham, bound from Hartlepool to that port with a cargo of coals. They had been compelled to take to their boat, and were in much danger, a heavy sea running at the time.

Sergeant Cole, who was in custody charged with stealing £1,800 from the Marine Barracks at Walmer, committed suicide on Tuesday morning in Sandwich Gaol. He was confidential clerk to the paymaster of the garrison, and suspicion only fastened upon him as the perpetrator of the robbery upon its being discovered that he had sent £500 off to London in a hurry soon after the occurrence.

Count Schouvaloff's mission to England is stated not to have been so successful, from the Russian point of view, as the Court of St. Petersburg desired. He has failed to satisfy our Government that Russia will withdraw from Khiva when she has avenged her grievances; and he bears back to St. Petersburg the conviction that if Khiva be annexed, England will take steps to secure the Affghan frontier.

A policeman named Grey, who was on duty on Sunday morning near Alnwick, Northumberland, was murdered by some men whom he was pursuing across a field. Finding him in close pursuit, one of the men turned round and fired at the advancing officer. The shot took effect in the breast and abdomen, twenty-one small pieces of lead passing through the waist-belt. The wounded man lingered until five o'clock in the evening.

Late on Saturday night the shop of Mr. H. Lyons, clothier, 3, Oxford-street, was entirely destroyed by fire, the origin of which could not be ascertained. Mr. Lyons' shop is within two doors of the Oxford Music-hall, which has been twice burnt down, and which has been for some time past undergoing a process of renovation. When first the fire was noticed, at about ten o'clock, it was generally supposed that the Oxford Music-hall was again the scene of a conflagration.

A meeting of the ratepayers of Lambeth was held on Monday night in support of a new league which has been formed with a view to enforce retrenchment upon the vestry of that large parish. One of the speakers strongly advocated the principle of the ratepayers taking the water and gas management into their own hands, which would relieve them from drinking "diluted sewage," and having their lungs poisoned by impure gas.

On Monday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, as Lady Holland and party were at dinner at St. Ann's-hill House, Chertsey, some thieves entered her ladyship's boudoir and stole a large quantity of jewellery, French money, &c. Most of the articles were of great value. An entrance must have been effected from the lawn, and the thieves must have concealed themselves within the house some time before the occurrence.

A blacksmith named James Maccourt was arrested on Sunday by the Glasgow police on a charge of murdering Patrick Maclachlan. Some ill-feeling existed between them, attributable to differences respecting their work, and a quarrel ensued. Suddenly Maccourt left the kitchen in which they were, and on his return dealt Maclachlan a blow on the head with a weapon, which killed him instantaneously. Maccourt observed that he and Maclachlan had had many a quarrel, but he had finished him off this time.

In pronouncing judgment on the Municipal Election Petition at Barnstaple, the Judge found most of the charges against the petitioners unsupported or disproved; but Ashton, the secretary of the Gas Company, who was agent for all three, had admitted having sent money to Bushen and Draper for corrupt purposes, and they would therefore have to suffer for his offence. At first he thought of ordering proceedings against Ashton; but the dishonour and remorse which he must suffer all the days of his life would be a sufficient punishment. The three elections were then declared void.

An inquest was held on Saturday upon the body of Grice, the driver of the Leicester express train, who was killed in the accident near Shustoke on the 2nd inst. While running at full speed the engine of the express left the metals and pitched down a high embankment. The accident was caused by the ballast at a certain portion of the line becoming moist and allowing the sleepers to sink. When the express passed over this part at great speed, one rail became a little bent, and allowed the wheels to leave the metals. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

A serious poaching affray took place on Sunday morning, between one and two o'clock, on the preserves of the Right Hon. Earl Ducie, of Tortworth Park. It appears that five keepers were on duty on Saturday night, and, hearing a gun fired, they went in the direction of the sound, and found four men—one of them in a tree trying to recover a pheasant which had just been shot. The keepers attacked the poachers, and a terrible fight ensued. The head keeper was brutally knocked about by the poachers with the butt-end of their guns. Two of them, who live at Thornbury, are in custody.

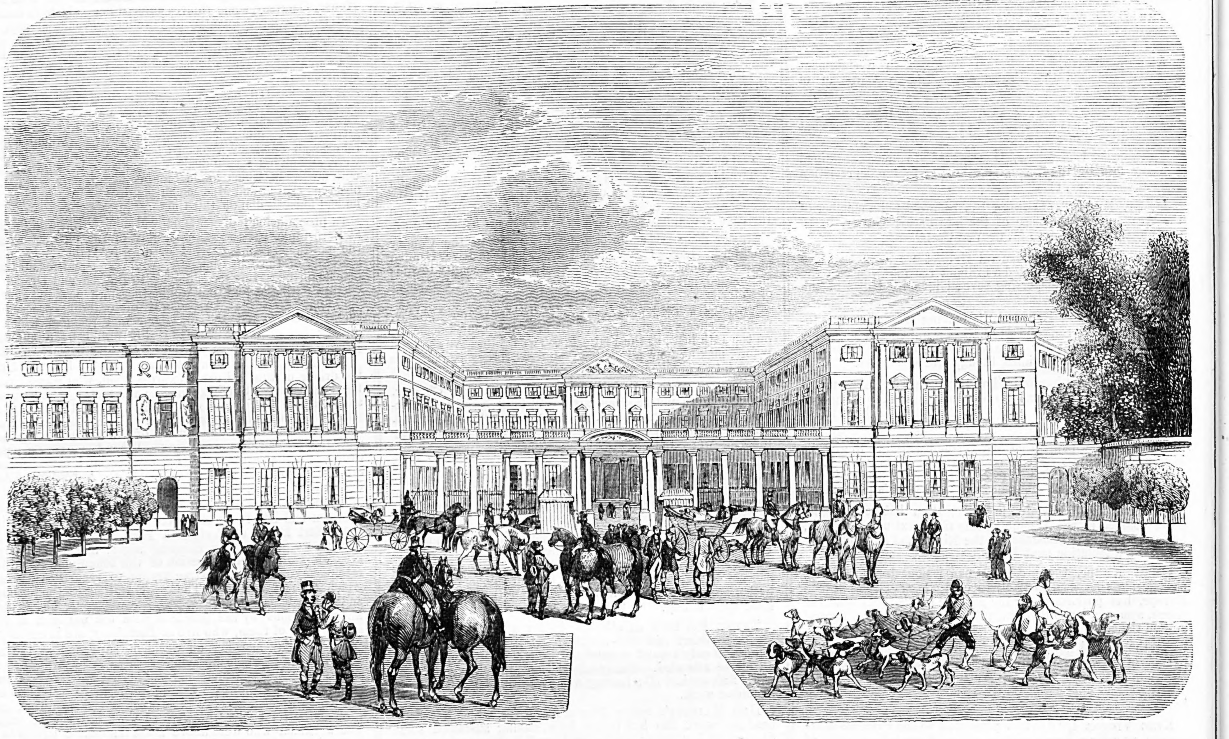
On Tuesday morning an accident happened at the new sewerage works which are being executed in St. Bride's-street, Shoe-lane. A wooden staging had been erected over a large pit which had been dug. Owing to the great weight of clay and earth which had been piled upon it the woodwork gave way, and several men who were at work below were buried. The workmen who were above made immediate efforts to release those who were below. It was found that William Robinson was killed, his head having been crushed by the falling materials. Three men were removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and others who were less injured were sent to their homes.

Last week an unusual incident attended the meet of Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds at Catliff. His lordship, addressing the field, said the farmers thereabout had complained of thoughtless mischief to crops and fences. Much as the farmers loved foxhunting, they could not be expected to see with pleasure their turnips used in a snow-balling match; and it was in their power to stop the sport by warning the hunt off their land. His lordship appealed to the gentlemen present to assist him in trying to prevent any real causes of complaint being given, so that they might continue to enjoy the hunts, which he believed to be the most rational and beneficial of all the sports of England. The hunt then proceeded, and there was an excellent run, a fox being found in Ireton Wood.

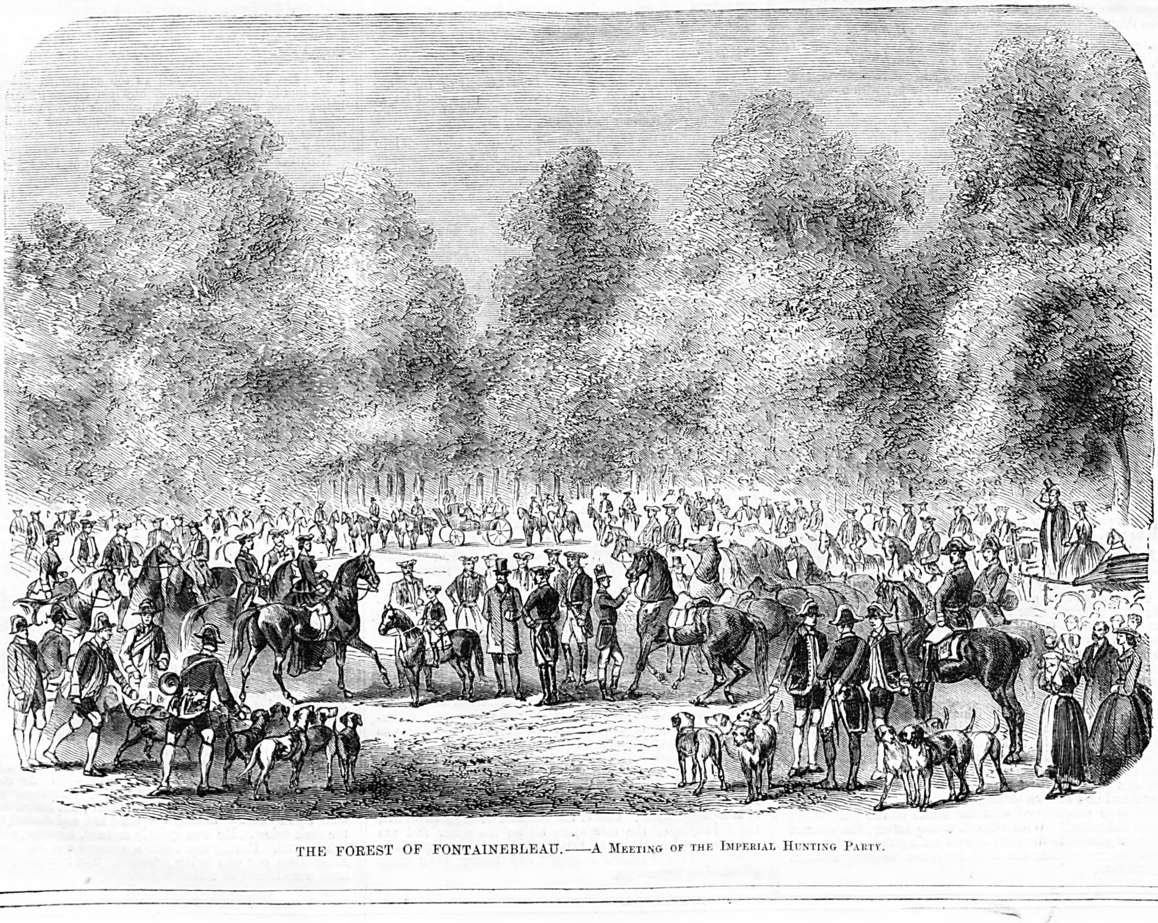
Nothing has been heard for some time of the St. Pancras Guardians, and an impression, if not a hope, prevailed that they had swallowed each other up; but it seems that they are still in existence, and that their gatherings are pleasant and sociable as ever; nor is there any change apparently in the refinement of language and manners for which they have always been distinguished. A "scene" of a character similar to those which formerly made the St. Pancras Guardians famous took place, says the *Daily Chronicle*, at the last meeting of the Board. Expressions and phrases couched in language which was anything but complimentary were freely indulged in, and the guardians roundly accused each other of "jobbery," "corruption," and other sins of omission and commission. "A more unseemly altercation," adds the *Chronicle*, "has seldom taken place, even at St. Pancras." It must indeed have been a frightful row.

A "strike" of a novel and extraordinary character has taken place at Basingstoke. The publicans there, as well as in other places, feel very sore about the Licensing Act, and they determined to make at least some of those who passed the Bill feel the inconvenience of its provisions. Accordingly, as the county ball was to be held there they agreed not to apply to the magistrates for any extension of hours; and the local gentry who came to the ball before eleven o'clock found that if they put their horses in the hotel stables they would not be able to get them out again until six o'clock the next morning, while those who arrived after eleven found the public-houses shut up, and there was no accommodation to be had at any price, the publicans saying, "You, gentlemen, have passed the Licensing Act, and now we will give you a turn of it." The amount of inconvenience occasioned may be more easily imagined than described, as numbers had come from a long distance out in the country.

From all parts of the country we learn that stormy weather prevailed on Saturday night and a part of Sunday. The *Merle*, an iron barque of 281 tons, on Sunday was completely wrecked. She brought up in the Downs about 3 a.m., having previously parted from her two anchors off Dungeness. Before she had properly swung to her anchor, however, the cable snapped, aad she drifted shorewards. She struck a little to the southward of Deal Pier, and the tide very quickly drove her athwart of that structure, her mizenmast breaking against the top part and bringing away with it a quantity of the ironwork. Four of the iron pillars were also broken, and altogether damage to the extent of £600 was done. As soon as the crew saw what had happened they clambered up the mainmast; and from thence on to the pier, but before the last man could effect a landing the mast fell, and dashed him to the deck below. He was quickly rescued, however, and was not injured. During the night a steamer was run down off Kingsdown, one man being drowned. The remainder of the crew were landed by a Deal lugger.

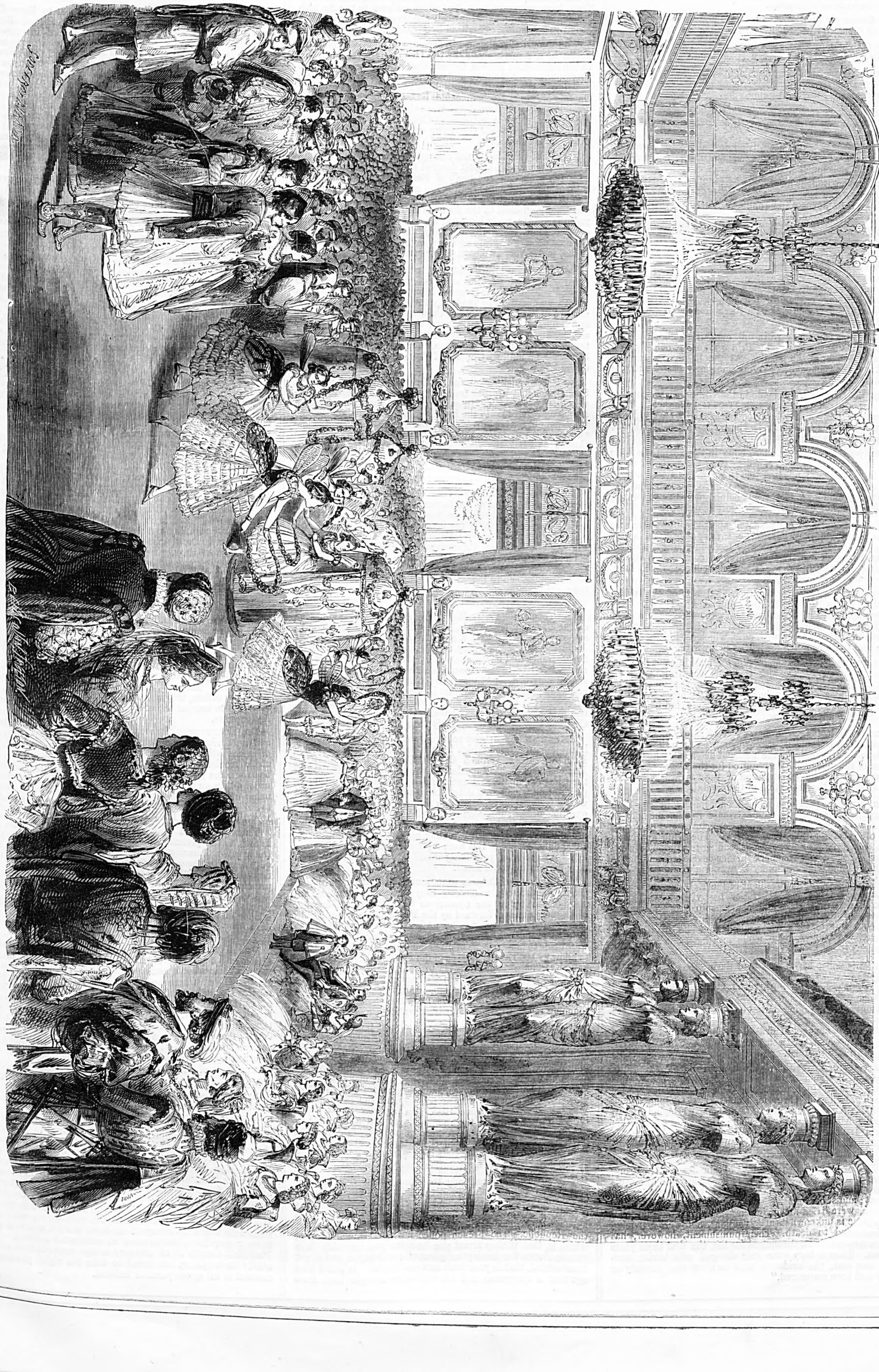


CHÂTEAU OF COMPIÈGNE.—The Favourite Residence of Napoleon III.



THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.—A Meeting of the Imperial Hunting Party.

IN THE PLENITUDE OF POWER.—Grand Costume Ball given by Napoleon III. in the Gallery of Marshals at the Tuileries.



IN THE PLENITUDE OF POWER.—GRAND COSTUME BALL GIVEN BY NAPOLEON III. IN THE GALLERY OF MARSHALS AT THE TUILERIES.

ABROAD.

President Grant has issued an order forbidding officers of the United States army to hold State offices.

It is stated that the uhlans and dragoons in the Prussian service are to be amalgamated.

The *Challenger* arrived at Gibraltar on Saturday, and will stay until the 23rd inst., when she will leave for Madeira.

Three Communist convicts have escaped from prison at Versailles, and have not yet been recaptured.

Absurd stories are being circulated in China of an attempt by foreigners to blow up the Emperor by presenting him with marriage candles filled with gunpowder.

A German newspaper states that 3,000 recruits from Alsace and Lorraine have arrived at Berlin and Potsdam brimful of enthusiasm."

Two Europeans have been tried in Lahore for exposing beef in such a way as to hurt the feelings of the natives, but they have been acquitted.

The Russian Budget for 1873 was published on Saturday. It sets down the revenue at 517,349,834 roubles, and the expenditure at 517,322,162 roubles. There is, therefore, a surplus of 27,672 roubles.

The French have got post-cards at last. They are issued at three sous for France and at two sous for circulation in the same town. The important question has been started if writing in cipher is permitted.

A column of United States troops, composed of 400 regulars and volunteers, lately attacked a party of Modoc Indians intrenched in some caves near Klamoth Oregon. After fighting all day, the troops retired with a loss of 40 killed and wounded.

The hounds can be heard in full cry in the neighbourhood of Rome this season as usual. Prince Humbert of Italy is a regular attendant at the meets. At the last run, near the hillocks of the Campagna, several noblemen patronized the Roman fall.

Another effort is to be made in the United States to raise funds for a statue to Stonewall Jackson. The New York Academy of Design has been commissioned to paint three pictures of the general, and from these chromos will be made, in the hope of an extensive sale.

Paris possesses a living microscope in the shape of a little *gamin* living at Clichy, who can discover animalculæ in water when they are completely invisible to the naked eye of others. To show that there is no deception, he draws what he professes to see, and on a microsoope being applied to the water, the correctness of his drawings is thoroughly proved.

A French optician has invented spectacles for animals as well as poultry. Many horses, he says, suffer from short-sightedness, and "we often observe fowls in poultry-yards die suddenly, though shortly before in good condition. This is caused by a malady of the eyes; they no longer see their food, and succumb from inanition."

From *L'Italia Militaire* the estimated cost of the Italian army for 1873 is 169,559,740 lire, or about £6,711,739. This does not appear to be an extravagant expenditure for a force of 208,583 men and 30,667 horses. Certainly an enviable estimate when compared with ours, which is, in round numbers, about twice as much for half as many men.

The Franco-German Commission for marking out the new frontier between France and Germany has terminated its labours. The stones, standing about four feet out of the ground, are placed about a hundred mètres apart from each other. Except in two instances, it has been found possible to avoid dividing any commune.

Colonel Thomsen, the new War Minister of Denmark, has inaugurated his official career by asking from the Rigsdag an extraordinary credit for the national defence. The greater portion of the money will be required for the augmentation of the navy and for the construction of the vast works decided upon mainly for the protection of the capital.

The Swedish Diet was opened on Monday by the King in person. His Majesty paid a tribute to the memory of the former Kings of Sweden since Bernadotte, and especially spoke of his late brother, Charles XV. The King expressed a wish to see the friendly relations tending to a union between Sweden, Norway, and Denmark further developed, and hoped that the Scandinavian Monetary Convention would pass.

M. Louis Blanc, as President of the Extreme Left, with M. Lepère Brisson and M. Ratier has visited M. Thiers, to ask him if the Left could continue to support him on the basis of the policy announced in his Message. The President is said to have replied that he had always supported that policy, even while making some legitimate concessions to the Conservative party.

The Paris police have been busy during the past week in seizing the caricatures against the Emperor and his family which were published during the Commune-carnival, and which many ruffianly shopkeepers have taken the present opportunity of dragging out of their obscurity. If ever Lynch-law were allowable, it would be for the cowardly hounds who choose the moment of death to retail obscene portraits of a man before whom, for twenty long years, they bowed themselves down into the dust.

The estimated wealth of the most eminent writers of France, all of whom started in life without anything, is as follows:—Victor Hugo, 600,000f.; George Sand, nearly twice as much; Emile de Girardin, 8,500,000f.; Adolphe Thiers, 1,000,000f.; Alexander Dumas, *fils*, 400,000f; Edmond About, 250,000f.; Alphonse Karr, 100,000f; Jules Janin, 570,000f.; Edouard Laboulaye, 100,000f.; Victorien Sardou, 500,000f.; Théophile Gautier died a millionaire, and the widows of Scribe and Ponsard live in affluence.

In Sydney, New South Wales, Captain Joseph Armstrong and five of the crew of the *Carl* have been convicted of assault in kidnapping Polynesians, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment; and subsequently the captain and Charles Dowden, the mate, were tried for having murdered "a certain man whose name is unknown" (a Polynesian), and were convicted and sentenced to death. Their punishment, however, has been commuted to imprisonment for life, the first three years in irons. Though they were only charged with having murdered one man, the evidence went to show that seventy or eighty had been massacred."

Although Senor Zorrilla has denied having received the threatening despatch from Mr. Fish, of which the substance was published some days ago, it is affirmed at New York (on Mr. Fish's authority, it is supposed) that the despatch was really sent to General Sickles, and was by him communicated to the Spanish Government. The Spanish residents in New York have telegraphed to Madrid an address to the Spanish people denouncing what they call the grave offence against Spanish sovereignty committed by Mr. Fish.

A good deal of comment has been caused in French political circles by a remark made by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. In the Fourteenth Bureau, General Guillemant, speaking about a new method of election, said:—"There is no occasion for a new law. We have three Republics and three Monarchies." On this M. de la Rochefoucauld, interrupting, said:—"It is possible that you have three Republics; we have not three Monarchies. One is just dead at Chislehurst; and the Comte de Paris declared to me that there was now only one king, the Comte de Chambord."

In spite of the ridicule and disapprobation cast upon modern miracles, the Pope has just decreed that a couple which have been performed at the tomb of Benoist Labre are perfectly authentic—so authentic that he has consented to the canonization of the defunct saint. This Labre was a mendicant, who was totally opposed to the doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness. He made his body a preserve for vermin, which crawled about his limbs and body, and feasted on his flesh. He died about 200 years ago, we may suppose, from his mode of life, in the very strongest odour of sanctity.

The Prussian Ordensfest was celebrated in Berlin on Saturday, which was the anniversary of the Order of the Black Eagle and of the Prussian Monarchy. There have been no new nominations to the Order this year; and the principal interest of the celebration was the attendance of the Emperor and Empress, the Royal Princes, the Knights of the Order, and deputations from the army corps of the whole empire, at the garrison church at Potsdam, in which are displayed the banners and military trophies of Prussia, and specially those of the late war.

An English pickpocket, famous in his way, of the name of Sparks, has just escaped from the Palais de Justice in a marvellously cool fashion. In consequence of some repairs which are being carried on in the building, the prisoners are obliged to be led out for trial across the courtyard of the Sainte Chapelle, and it was during this short walk that Sparks gave the Gardes de Paris the slip. As he was quietly walking down the steps of the Palace, he passed his advocate, and nodded to him with such *nonchalance* that the man of law was disarmed, and allowed him to go on his way rejoicing.

The invasion of France by the Germans has had a curious influence on the flora of the former country. A large number of foreign plants, chiefly from the south of Europe, the seeds of which were brought by the invading army along with forage and by other means, have sprung up in the neighbourhood of Paris, and established themselves either temporarily or permanently. Two French botanists have published a *Florula Obsidionalis*, or flora of the two sieges, including 190 species hitherto unknown to the district. Nearly the whole of them belong to families of plants employed for forage or other commissariat purposes.

For several days a wealthy Spanish gentleman has appeared on the Parisian boulevards, dressed in a light costume of alpaca and a straw hat, a suitable attire for the month of August. This eccentricity is the consequence of a bet of 50,000 francs that he will dress in like manner during the whole winter. Hitherto the unusual mildness of the season has prevented any bad effect upon his constitution; but unless he takes the precaution to wear an inside suit of chamois leather, supposing the terms of the wager to permit this indulgence, the first severe frost may possibly send Don Juan after his Castilian ancestors more speedily than he intends or desires.

American papers give some interesting particulars of the latest complications which have taken place in the Sandwich Islands. Prince William C. Lunalilo, grandson of King Kamehameha I., has appealed to the strongest prejudices of the islanders in his pronunciamiento; and his request for a plebiscitum which shall determine his claims is likely to meet with a favourable response from the people. To be sure, the question of the succession is left with the Legislative Assembly; and it is said that a foreign ring (with true American promptness) is preparing to buy up the representatives at 1,000 dollars a head. But such a popular uprising as "Prince Bill" is capable of provoking would be more than any ordinary legislature could stand.

The Princes of Orleans were severely blamed for claiming their forfeited estates directly they returned to France, instead of waiting for the country to right itself; and another claim now brought forward by the Princesses will not add to the popularity of the family. After the confiscation of the Orleans property by Napoleon III., powerful representations were made to him by some of his neighbours, which induced him to allow 200,000 francs to three of the Princesses of the younger branch. These ladies refused to receive the money of the Empire. Now, however, the Princesses not only claim to enjoy the 200,000 francs per annum, but demand the arrears since 1855. The Republic feels immensely honoured at this touching recognition of its purity, solvability, and honesty.

On Sunday, at about nine o'clock, a most terrible thunderstorm burst over Paris, spreading the direst alarm through the city. Rain and hail came down in torrents, and were dashed about with great fury by sudden squalls. The lightning flashed incessantly, and every now and then the heavens appeared to have been rent asunder. A good many accidents occurred from terrified horses, and a panic seized the audience of the Odéon. Several women fainted, and the performance was interrupted for some time. In another house water forced its way through the roof, and pit and gallery had to put up their umbrellas. A good many credulous persons have not yet recovered from their terrors, for they have been reminded that the last time it thundered in January, just twenty-five years ago, a revolution ensued.

The British Ambassador in Paris has not yet received any reply from the French Foreign Office here with regard to his complaints respecting the manner in which Lady Falkiner was recently treated by the police, and, in fact, English people have great reason to be dissatisfied with their treatment under the Republic. The French police have a strange maxim, which is, that if they arrest you because you resemble in a remote degree the description given of a malefactor, and so get incarcerated, that is your fault and not theirs. It is not long ago that a clergyman and his wife were brought back from Boulogne just as Lady Falkiner was, because, on consulting his album, the police agent thought he traced a likeness between him and a runaway cashier. When the mistake was acknowledged, the authorities here were profuse in apologies, but it was not their fault if monsieur and madame resembled the parties wanted.

Other countries besides England seem to have their licensed victualling difficulties. In the parish of Bussy, Canton Friburg, the permission to open a tavern was recently granted, a majority of fourteen votes having been given in its favour. The curé had opposed the step, and on the following Sunday, after vespers, he took off his stole threw it upon the altar, and addressed his flock in the following eloquent terms:—"To-day I ought not to preach to you after Mass, but instead give you hay to eat, for you are cattle of the most stupid description. You allow yourselves to be led by fourteen cattle, whom I held to be more stupid than you; but now I see that you are greater animals than they." When his hearers were about to depart in great indignation he cried, "Listen to me, and do not be frightened away by my words. The Bishop has commanded me always to put off my official garments when I declaim against you." This plan of adapting the costume to the nature of the address might be followed by the Ritualists with striking effect. Persuasive sermons should be delivered in light blue vestments, or some soft colour, while an immense sensation would be produced by the appearance of a preacher in flaming red as a signal that he was about to hurl at his congregation a good, comfortable, damnatory discourse.

Trade unionists will be interested to hear that there has been a strike of Chinese coolies in Pennsylvania. Accounts from Pittsburg of the 7th instant state that about seventy of the newly imported Chinamen at the Beaver Falls Cutlery Works are on strike for higher wages. On the 9th of June last year seventy-five Chinamen reached Beaver Falls and took the places of the same number of white men. The services of this gang were secured at the rate of seventy-five cents per day in gold each. They were industrious, and performed the work allotted to them in so skilful a manner that the company decided on importing another batch. The second instalment arrived on December 1, and these, though not less clever workmen than the former, were paid but sixty cents per day in gold. This last invoice of Chinamen soon learned that there was a difference in the wages paid to the respective gangs; and, considering that one Joss worshipper was as good as another, a deputation waited on the superintendent and requested an increase of pay. They were informed that the matter would be taken into consideration; and, satisfied with this assurance, they resumed their work for a time. The board of management having, however, finally decided on refusing the application, the Chinamen resolved to "knock off," and now wander about the neighbourhood of the works with their hands in their loose trouser-pockets demanding "more payee," and refusing to return to work until their demands are complied with. It is generally supposed that the company will have to give in; but in the meantime there is great rejoicing among the white skilled labourers, who find their late employers at the "mercy of the Mongolians."

PASSED AWAY.

The *Soir* announces the death of Baron Charles Dupin, at the age of eighty-nine. M. Dupin belonged to the Liberal party of the Restoration. Louis XVIII. gave him the title of baron.

The death, of a man well known in religious and literary circles has to be recorded—that of the Honourable and Reverend Baptist Noel, son of Sir Gerald Noel, and brother to the first Earl of Gainsborough. Born in 1798, he took holy orders, but in 1848 he seceded from the Church of England to become one of the foremost preachers among the Anabaptists.

Dr. Lushington, for very many years eminent as a pleader and authoritative as a judge in the Courts of Admiralty and of ecclesiastical discipline and appeal, died on Sunday morning at his residence, Ockham Park, in his ninety-first year. He had for some years, owing to ill-health, ceased to perform his usual duties on the Bench, but it will be remembered that his name was brought prominently forward a few years back in the Byron-Stowe scandal, he being the sole depository of the secret of Lord and Lady Byron's separation.

There died last week at Newmarket a jockey who, little known to the present generation of sportsmen, was perhaps the greatest horseman the the turf has ever seen. The name of "Jem Robinson" takes one back, in fact, to the earlier days of the present century, when racing was conducted upon principles very different from those now in vogue, and when it had the patronage of a limited but honourable body of English gentlemen. No fewer than six times did he steer the winner of the Derby, his Epsom victories beginning in 1817 with Azor, and terminating in 1836 with that of Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton.

Mr. Samuel Graves, the well-known and energetic Conservative member of Parliament for Liverpool, died on Saturday morning about four o'clock, very suddenly, in the Euston Hotel, where he had been staying during a visit to town. He had dined on the previous evening with the Duke of Sutherland, and returned early to the hotel in perfect health and spirits. Evidence was given before the coroner (Dr. Lankester), at an inquest the same evening, which left no doubt that Mr. Graves had succumbed to heart disease, accelerated in its action by overwork; and a verdict was returned by the jury to the effect that he had "died from fatty degeneration of the heart."

Mr. James Hannay has died at the early age of 46, at Barcelona, where he was English Consul, having been appointed to that post by Mr. Disraeli's Government after a short period of service in a like capacity at Dunkirk. His death was very sudden. He went to his bedroom apparently well, having been occupied during the evening in correcting the proof of an article for an English magazine. He does not appear to have slept, and in the morning he was found dead in an arm-chair. Mr. Hannay was one of the ablest of our journalists, though of late his contributions to newspapers have been few. They have been almost confined, in fact, to a series of letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which have been published with the heading, "From an Englishman in Spain." His style was of the purest, and the delicate classical allusions with which his compositions were always adorned gave them a peculiar attractiveness to cultivated readers. The *Pall Mall Gazette* in an obituary notice remarks that he had ability for anything, but failed to take his right position on account of his unconquerable laziness.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORD LYTTON.

For a detailed memoir of this distinguished nobleman, whose loss is so deeply to be regretted, we refer our readers to page 59.

COMPIEGNE AND FONTAINEBLEAU.

The names of these two favourite resorts of the late Emperor during his prosperity are of a surety familiar to the English reader. The Château of Compiègne, which owes much in the way of architectural embellishment to the Third Napoleon, seldom failed to receive him within its walls in the course of the autumn season. During the sojourn of the Court, a constant round of sport and festivity was kept up, and series after series of guests, all carefully selected with a view to their harmonizing with each other, were entertained in a truly Imperial fashion. The Emperor could play host most charmingly, and the invitations were seldom declined. It was here that the Prince of Wales was received during his visit in 1868, on which occasion both hunting and shooting parties were got up in his honour. The latter were eminently successful, for the preserves of Compiègne under the Imperial *régime* ranked amongst the finest and most populous in Europe. Whole battalions of infantry used to be employed as beaters, before whom the pheasants would rise in a thick, dark cloud, and come sweeping over the heads of the sportsmen. The Emperor, who always shot with a muzzle-loader, used to keep six attendants hard at work, recharging his guns. These preserves suffered terribly at the hands of the Germans officers during their occcupation of that part of France.

Fontainebleau, the historical residence of Francis I. and Henry II. was less frequently visited by the Emperor, though its superb forest was the scene of several hunting parties, at which the lavish magnificence of the Second Empire ran riot in Louis Quinze costumes.

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

The balls given during the Empire at the palace of the Tuileries were amongst the marvels of Europe; and though no doubt some very equivocal interlopers did manage to present themselves—for is there not a perfectly authenticated story of a young Ministerial *employé* paying his washerwoman's bill by the gift of a ticket of admission?—the general effect was of the most magnificent character. The superb gallery of the Marshals of France, so called from the fact of its walls being adorned with the portraits of those worthies, offered a splendid ball-room, of which due advantage seldom failed to be taken. Indeed, the general spirit of liveliness pervading these assemblies completely banished all ideas of a State ceremonial. On one occasion great amusement was created by a royal lady—the Queen of Portugal, if we remember rightly—standing up for the Lancers, and then discovering herself to be quite ignorant of the figures. The services of a couple of chamberlains had to be impressed to keep her Majesty right.

INQUIRIES AT CAMDEN-PLACE.

Our illustration, from a sketch taken on the spot, represents the inquiries made after the Emperor's health at the Upper Lodge of Camden-place on the morning of his decease. The elaborate iron gates shown in this illustration were a present from the Emperor to the owner of the property, Mr. Strode.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT CAMDEN-PLACE.

The last consultation of the medical gentlemen in attendance upon the Emperor took place in the drawing-room, of which we present our readers with an engraving.

THE EMPEROR AFTER DEATH.

Four hours after the death of the Emperor, Signor Brucciani and his assistants arrived at Chislehurst to take a mask of his face for the use of the sculptor—probably Monsieur Carpeaux—to whom the Empress should eventually entrust the execution of the Emperor's bust in marble. Neither the Empress nor the Prince Imperial, nor any of the Imperial household, was present while the mask was taken. The body of the Emperor was arranged on the little camp bedstead which stands at the side of the larger one he usually slept on, and on which the surgical operations had been performed, and the Emperor breathed his last. But before the mask was taken, the affection of the Empress, which would have fain falsified the verdict of the physicians, suggested that a mirror should be placed near the Emperor's mouth to test whether or not a spark of life remained. A small hand-mirror was sent by the Empress for the purpose, and applied according to her Majesty's desire, but, as was expected, the glass remained untarnished by a breath, and so the Empress was informed. But her solicitude went further, and she sent two quills, with the desire that they might be inserted in the nostrils prior to the pouring on of the plaster, as is the custom when a mask is taken from a living model. On a respectful intimation being conveyed to the Empress that such an arrangement was unnecessary, she waived her desire, and permitted Signor Brucciani to proceed with his work, and the preparations for the impression of the whole of the head and the upper part of the breast of the Emperor were quickly made. The massive moustache was carefully waxed and brought down over the points of the mouth towards the chin, and the imperial was also waxed and pressed close to the chin. These and other minor arrangements resulted in the production of a most faithful likeness. This shows the Emperor's face to be very round and full, marked with a most peaceful expression, and free from all trace of pain, as is shown in our engraving, which is from a sketch of the cast since taken from the mould.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Our engraving represents the arrival, at the Lower Lodge, of Camden-place, of the carriage containing the Prince Imperial. It will be remembered that, despite the haste with which he was summoned from Woolwich, he arrived too late to witness the last moments of his father.

EXTERIOR VIEWS OF CAMDEN-PLACE.

Camden-place, which derives its name from its connection with the family of Camden, the historian, is, as may be seen from our engraving, a quiet and unpretending looking country gentleman's residence, such as are to be found scattered by hundreds over the home counties. It comprises a centre and two wings, built of red brick in the Italian style, and is approached by a timbered avenue, traversing a small park containing some fine specimens of the cedar of Lebanon. Before being rendered historical by the presence of the late Emperor, its chief claim to notoriety lay in its connection with the writer above named, and in the fact of its having been the scene of one of the most cold-blooded and barbarous murders on record. At the commencement of the present century it was in the occupation of a Mr. Bonnar, a Russian merchant, who with his wife was assassinated in his bed-chamber by a footman. They had always expressed a strong desire that they might die together, and their desire was thus fatally and fearfully accomplished. The tomb of the victims is in Chislehurst churchyard, and a quotation from their epitaph made by Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, attracted public attention to it some three years back.

The room in which the Emperor died is situate on the first-floor at the back of the house, its balconied window, as shown in our engraving, overlooking the lawn. As has been already noticed, a small iron bedstead had been added to the furniture of this apartment, for convenience in performing the operations, and upon this he breathed his last. On the mantelpiece is the little travelling clock that accompanied the Emperor during all his journeys, and on the table near the bed a superb casket containing the celebrated jewel known as the Charlemagne talisman. The souvenirs rescued from the late disasters, the miniatures of the Bonaparte family, and some works of art that formerly decorated the Emperor's cabinet at the Tuileries, are placed in a small adjoining room, which served as a study, and in which he was accustomed to work daily up to within a short time of his death. In this latter room the body was temporarily laid out, before being placed in the Chapelle Ardente.

After the numerous visitors who were permitted to gaze on the features of the Emperor whilst lying in state had passed along the corridor, they were ushered out of the building on to the lawn. Here they found themselves in presence of a table supplied with writing materials, so that such as chose might record their visit.

Although Chislehurst will be best known in future as the closing scene of the varied career of Louis Napoleon, it is not devoid of associations with other illustrious dead. Francis Walkinghame, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, resided here in a house still in existence; and Lord Bacon was born at Scudbury Park, in the immediate neighbourhood.

THE POPE ADMINISTERING THE COMMUNION.

The beginning of the year has been inaugurated at Rome by various important religious ceremonies, which, although confined for the most part within the precincts of the Vatican, were neither lacking in dignity nor solemnity. In a single morning the Pope administered the Communion to more than a thousand people. The faithful who presented themselves at the Holy Table on this occasion belonged to the highest Roman aristocracy, and to the *élite* of the strangers at present sojourning in the Seven-hilled City.

His Holiness has of late succeeded in alienating one of his warmest supporters, the head of the Orsini family. Prince Orsini having given a ball, at which several members of the Court of Victor Emmanuel were present, the Pope at a personal interview informed him that the present time of tribulation and affliction was not one for ball-giving, least of all for ball-giving to the enemies of the Papal *régime*. The Prince took umbrage at thus being taken to task, and at once joined the opposite camp; so that for almost the first time in the course of many centuries the Orsini and Orlannas are on the same side. Out of small events great causes spring; but to tell the truth, since Rome has been the capital of Italy, to be a ball-giver is to enjoy a position of no small importance. Carnival has commenced, but the Court are all provided with the means to enjoy it; for although the Princess Margherita gives small parties at the Quirinal every Wednesday, there are to be no balls at the Royal Palace, and this for the very simple reason that there is no ball-room at present. Hence the importance attached to Prince Orsini's ball.

THE CARLISTS IN SPAIN.

Active measures, which promise to be effective, are being at last adopted by the Spanish Government against the bands of Carlists who, under cover of patriotic or political motives, pillage and ravage wherever they have the opportunity. The Navarre bands are being closely pursued by General Primero de Rivera. Pressed by that officer, they have left Navarre, and sought refuge in the province of Alava. It is believed, however, they will soon be broken up there, as they have been surrounded on all sides by the Royalist troops. We hear of the dispersion of two bands—the one near the tunnel of Ozazurza by the colonel of the regiment, Luchana. Several of his men were shot in the encounter. The other band, under the "cabecilla"—which is simply the Spanish name for leader—Calieroy Hervas, has been completely defeated, and a number of the band were made prisoners, after the death of two or three officers and several of the men. The rest fled in all directions. Still, the movement is far from being completely extinguished. The leader of the Carlist band at Guipuzcoa, last week, ordered the *employés* on the Spanish Northern railway to stop all traffic within eight hours, threatening to shoot them, and to destroy the permanent way. Nevertheless, the traffic was continued, though the Carlists tore up a few rails at one point. However, on Sunday morning the Carlists, under the command of the Curé of Santa Cruz, came down in force and burnt the station of Ernai, and then proceeded to Ashgarraga, a neighbouring village, to shoot two Liberals. A column of volunteers immediately assembled, and went in pursuit. Great irritation exists among the Liberals of Guipuzcoa, on account of the excesses of the Carlists. This band is one that has before distinguished itself by its outrages notably in stopping diligences and plundering the passengers, without distinction of political creed. One of these attacks forms the subject of our engraving.

HOME PETS.

Some one has remarked that every household is a little world in itself, and is divided and subdivided, like its great prototype, into many sections. The young lady we present to our readers is evidently a queen amongst the animal kingdom attached to her pleasant dwelling-place; but that her sway is a benignant one is sufficiently shown by the confidence and amiability displayed by her subjects. "Love me, love my dog" is an old proverb, and if by loving the dogs we could in this instance secure the affections of their charming mistress we are sure we should not hesitate to court her canine companions; and for the sake of so fair a maiden and of a dwelling so snugly embowered in flowers and trees we would even consent that a portion of her affection should still be lavished upon puppies and kittens.

The scene of our engraving is evidently a Wurtemberg cottage, for Wurtemberg is celebrated for producing in large numbers a breed of powerful dogs obtained by twenty years' judicious crossing of the St. Bernard and Newfoundland races. Of this breed, which is coming into general favour throughout Germany, the two noble-looking animals before us are fair specimens.

MODERN SMUGGLING.

The smuggler of the present day is a being whom it is impossible to regard with any great admiration. He has given up his solitary cave in the rocks, has parted with his dirk and his pistols, has donned the garb of every-day life, and has degenerated into a mere impostor, a creature of tricks and disguises. The cunning contrivances for eluding the vigilance of the Custom-house officers, which are every now and again brought to light, are really very amusing, and often so decidedly original in their conception that, apart from accidents the utmost watchfulness on the part of the officials would be scarcely likely to detect them. Some time ago, for instance, a large number of broomsticks were imported from New York. Such a consignment of course created no suspicion. The man who would cross-examine an honest-looking broomstick would be almost diabolical in his acuteness. As they were not owned they were stowed away in the Queen's warehouse, where they lay for six months, and they were then put up to auction and sold as turnery. Just as they were about to be cleared out, however, one of them was accidentally broken, and it was then discovered that they were hollow and were filled with cigars. Perhaps the construction of the broomsticks was not the only ingenious part of this business. It would be curious, at all events, to know whether the original consignee and the ultimate purchaser were absolute strangers to each other.

Another very singular contrivance for cheating the Revenue was in the form of a ship's pitch-pot. This was carried ashore again and again apparently empty, and again and again brought on board full of pitch. Suspicion was at length aroused, and the pot was examined, when it was found to be double—one pot within the other, and a sufficient space between them to carry a considerable quantity of spirit, which was poured in through a hole in the bottom of the outer one. In another instance a passenger came ashore carrying a neat little green box, constructed for the conveyance of live pigeons. Like the pitch-box, however, the box has a double bottom, and three pounds and a half of tobacco is concealed in it. This little speculation cost the ingenious inventor his tobacco, his pigeon-case, and three guineas. On another occasion a basket of live ducks was by a similar trick made to conceal contraband goods.

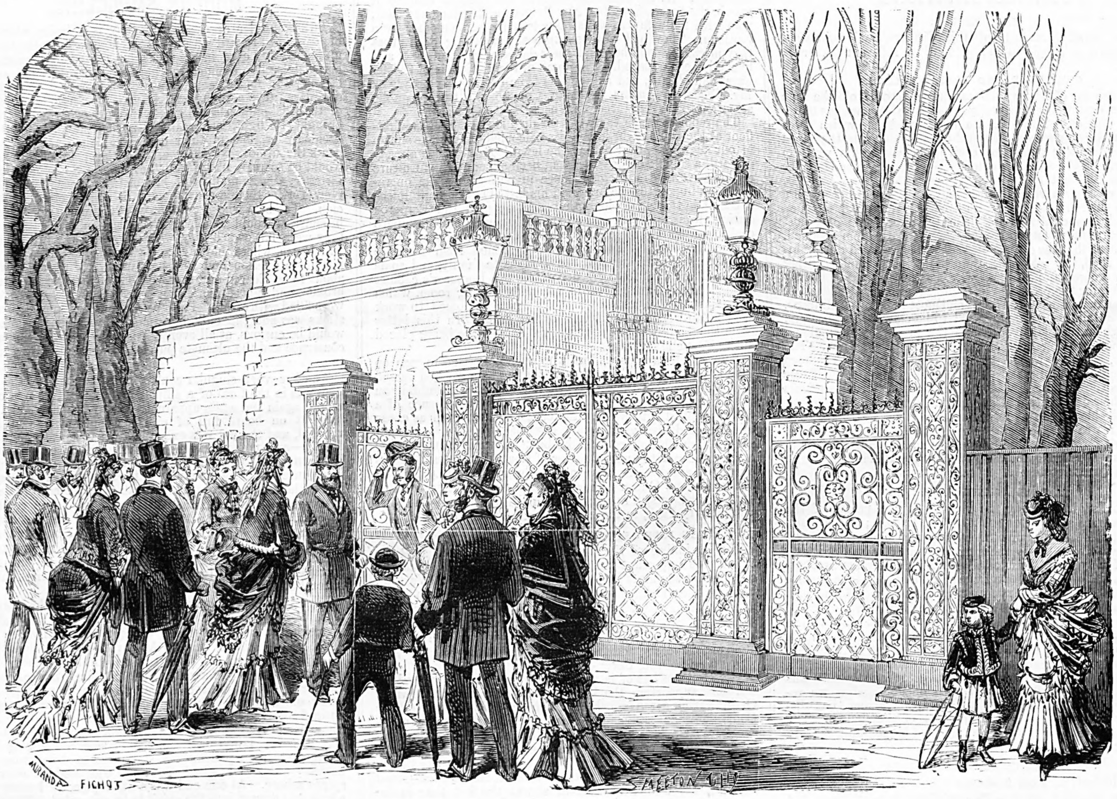
False lids and bottoms, however, are among the clumsiest of smugglers' devices. A far more artistic and talented manœuvre was one in which tobacco had been made up in excellent imitation of ropes. A quarter of a hundred-weight of it was found in this form, thrown carelessly down on the deck of a vessel. In another case the wheels inside a number of blocks—ship's pulleys—were found to be so many round cakes of tobacco. On one vessel a Custom-house officer noticed something peculiar about the soles of a pair of boots. They also proved to be Cavendish tobacco, and 18 cwt. of it was discovered in this form. A cooper's "flogger"—an instrument like a policeman's staff, used to drive bungs into barrels—was found to be hollow, and was used for conveying spirits ashore. At one end was a little piece of leather tube, which was dipped into the spirit to be smuggled. The mouth was applied to an orifice at the other end, and the fluid drawn in. The "flogger" thus charged was taken ashore and emptied. Among the most ingenious attempts to impose upon the lynx-eyed officers of the Customs was one in which some years ago cigars and tobacco were enclosed in what were ostensibly brown loaves. The contraband goods were first tied in a wrapping of newspaper, and then the whole was surrounded by dough modelled in the shape of a loaf and slightly baked.

It appears, then, that it would be difficult to name an article of any description which an officer whose duty it is to search for smuggled goods might pass by without suspicion as to its genuineness. Logs of wood lying about deck or hanging over a ship's side as "fenders" are hollow, and stuffed with lace or cigars. A bundle of willows, such as are used for basket-making, contains 8 or 10lb. of tobacco in the centre of it, and the thoughtful-looking young gentleman who patrols the deck with what appears to be a book tucked under his arm, is in reality hugging a flask of spirits.

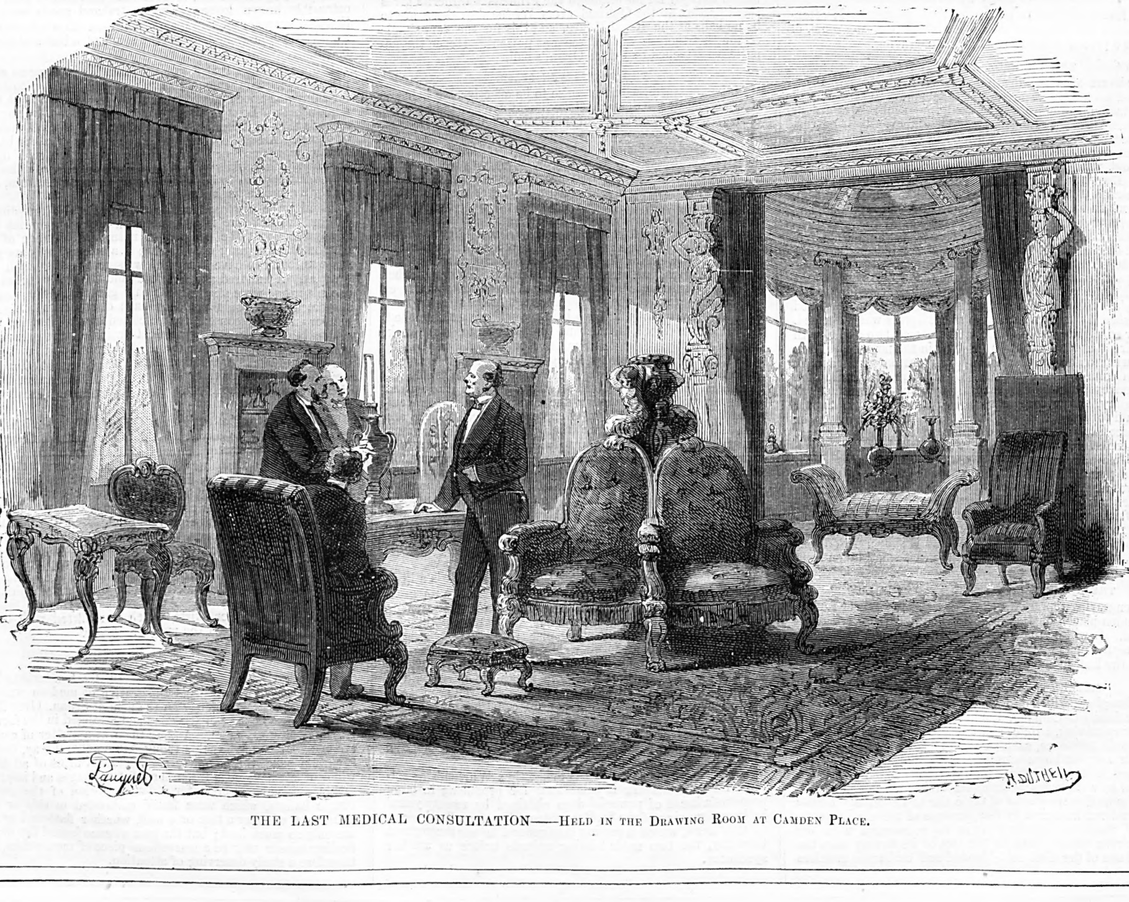
As might be supposed, a favourite mode of attempting to defraud the Revenue is by concealing articles on which duty is payable about the person. A notorious instance of this method of smuggling was the case of a man who some years ago was found to have a kind of waistcoat padded with gold watches. A hundred and forty-six gold Geneva watches and one silver one were stitched into this garment. He was unsuspected, and would probably have disembarked in safety but for an uneasy conscience, which led him to imagine himself to be the subject of special attention on the part of the officials, and he gave himself up. It turned out that he was the agent of one Merchaud, upon whose premises 800 watches were found, all of which had no doubt been smuggled, and all of which were seized. He himself, however, escaped by flight.

The disposition to evade the Queen's Customs is not apparently confined to any particular class; indeed, those who certainly have every opportunity of knowing affirm that it is very common among those who would be least suspected. A few years ago a lady was detected in the attempt to smuggle a handsome lace shawl. The fair impostor had a skirt on regularly constructed for the conveyance of contraband goods, and this shawl was part of her burden. She was taken into custody, but liberated next morning on payment of a fine of £100. The ladies must certainly be numbered amongst the most audacious of smugglers. Their dress appears to constitute a perpetual source of temptation. In one case a lady proved to be fairly surrounded by long bladders of spirit suspended from her waist. Another had 21lb. of tobacco concealed beneath her skirts, which were fitted with braces to enable her to support the weight.—*Globe.*

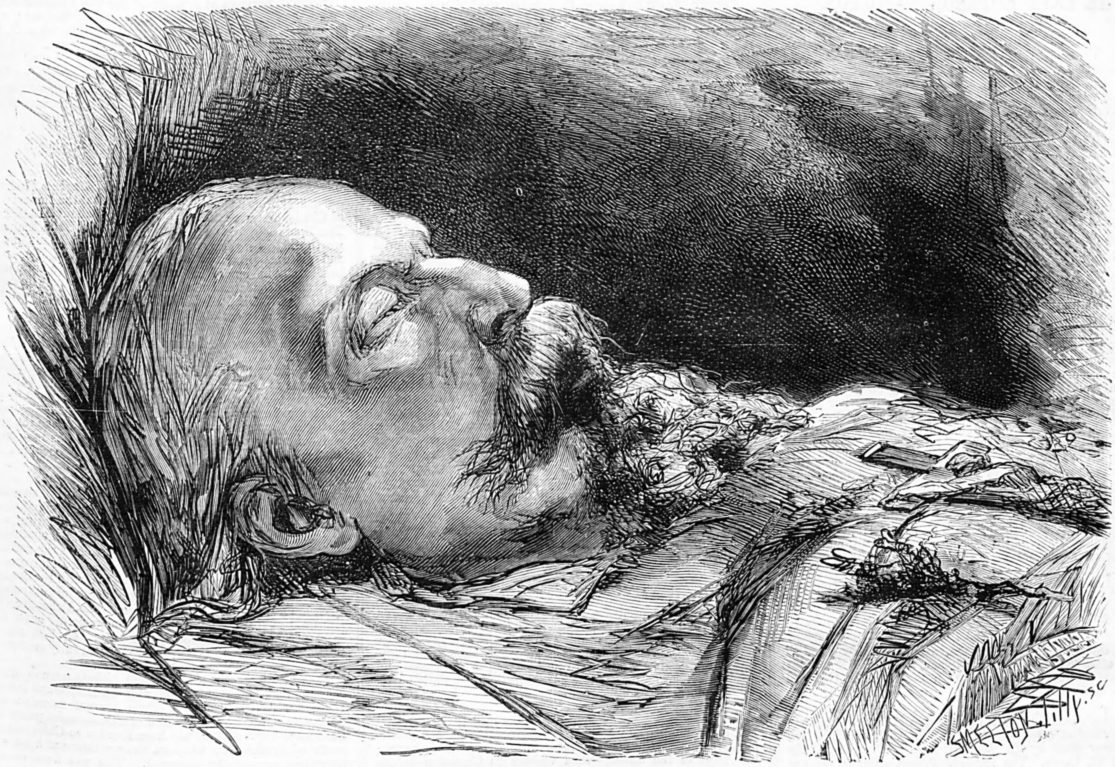
At the Lyric Hall, in Great Portland-street, a serious hour may be passed with objects illustrative of modern warfare, which were collected chiefly on the field of Sedan. Over 2,000 of these relics have been classified and arranged in the form of trophy or in glass cases. Among them, as a matter of course, are many trifles not worth a thought in a general way, but, on the other hand, the complete assortment of arms of all kinds which of late have gone through so many changes and improvements may have interest for a large section of the public. Single bullets, which were found embedded in this or that substance, whether a tree or a wall, whether flattened or not, are only so much lead; but the gun whence issued the death-dealing missile may be a marvellous piece of mechanism, and therefore a study deserving of attention.


MIRANDA
FICHOT
S. MEETON

CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST.—THE ENQUIRIES AT THE UPPER LODGE ON THE MORNING OF THE EMPEROR'S DEATH.


Langret
H. DUTHEIL

THE LAST MEDICAL CONSULTATION—HELD IN THE DRAWING ROOM AT CAMDEN PLACE.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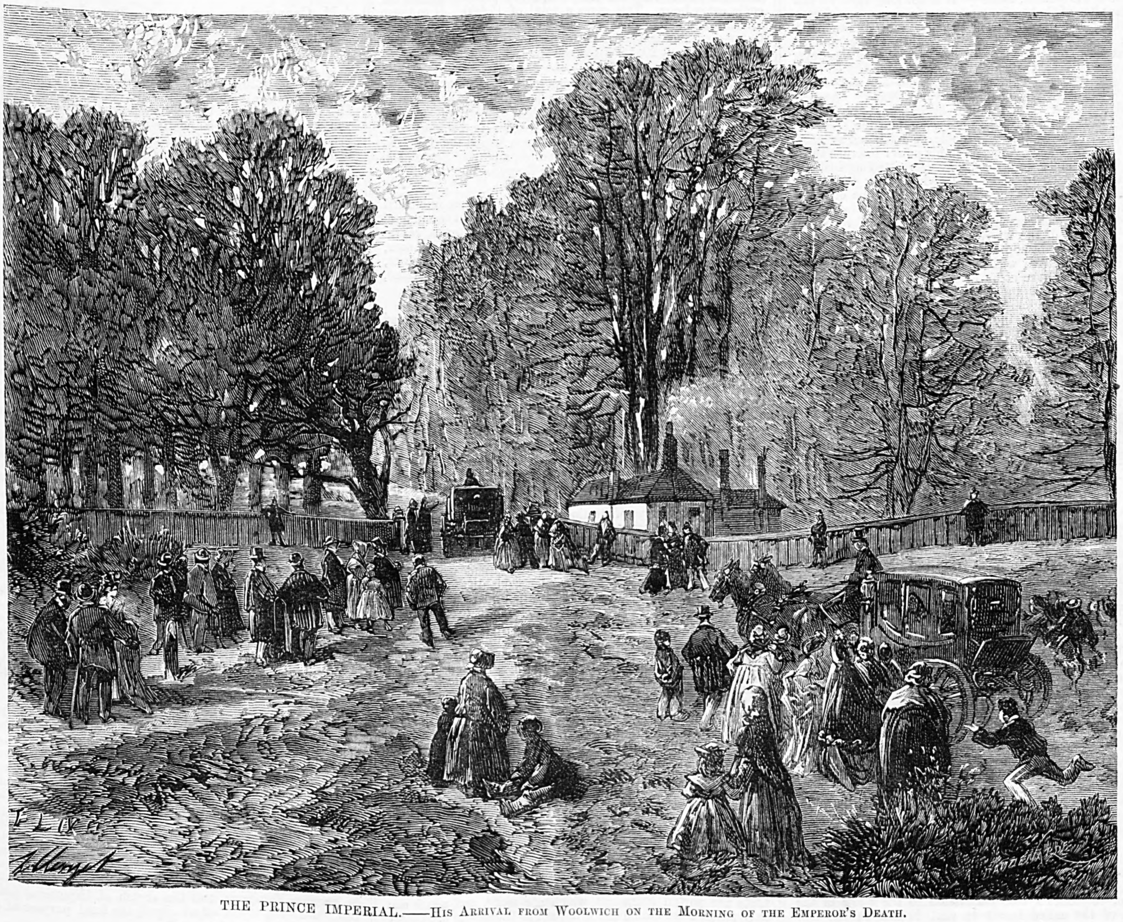
The EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.——From a Sketch taken after His Decease.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.——His Arrival from Woolwich on the Morning of the Emperor's Death.

THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

RECEPTION AT CAMDEN HOUSE.

On the Thursday of last week, the relatives of the Imperial family, and the soldiers and statesmen who hastened to take part in the late funeral ceremonies, assembled at Camden-place, and were formally received by the Empress and her son. The arrivals began soon after ten, but the greater number of visitors reached Chislehurst Station in two special trains about one o'clock. Their number amounted to nearly eight hundred. They assembled in front of the house, and were afterwards admitted into the corridor and the drawing-rooms. There the old friends of the dynasty, the ministers, ambassadors, councillors, generals, deputies and prefects of the Second Empire, ranged themselves along the sides of the corridor from the staircase down to the small and blue drawing-room, where they crowded into corners and awaited the arrival of the ex-Express. The deputation of the "working men of the French capital," who headed the funeral procession with the tricolour flag, arrived in one of the special trains, and bore in their midst a banner of dark violet velvet, bordered with white, and bearing in the centre the Imperial escutcheon emblazoned in silver. When they arrived at the house, the corridor and rooms were already so crowded that all of them could not be admitted, but six of them were placed in the corridor near the drawing-room door. At half-past one the ex-Prince Imperial arrived from the residence of Comte Clary, and went up-stairs to the apartments of the ex-Empress, with whom he remained for some time. They came down together, she leading her son by the hand. The lady who had reigned so lately in the most brilliant society of Europe now walked slowly down the silent ranks of her friends, dressed in the deepest mourning, unable to utter a word. Scarcely a word was spoken during the return of the ex-Empress and her son along the passage, until they retired by the staircase to the privacy of their own apartments.

At Claridge's Hotel, on Thursday afternoon, the "Comte et Comtesse de Moncalieri"—to speak of Prince Napoleon and his wife by their travelling titles—also held a reception, which, beginning at a quarter before five o'clock, lasted until half-past. A great number of those persons who had tendered the respectful assurances of their devotion to the Prince Imperial and to the Empress at Chislehurst, were also received by Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde.

FUNERAL SERMON AT CHISLEHURST.

Many distinguished Frenchmen, and not a few English people, attended St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church at Chislehurst on Sunday morning, when the Rev. Mr. Goddard made an address on the late Emperor Napoleon III. The Empress not being equal to appearing in public so soon after the Emperor's death, remained at Camden House, where mass was celebrated at about eleven o'clock in the room in which the Emperor died, by the Rev. M. Ouin-Lacroix, one of the canons of St. Denis. The Imperial Prince attended mass at St. Mary's, accompanied by his suite, at half-past nine, and was not present at the eleven o'clock mass. Mr. Goddard, in the course of his sermon, said:—"It is not long since we saw him at the altar of God, making open profession, open acknowledgment, of his deep faith in the mysteries of our Holy Church; and the faith and the piety then shown are imprinted at least in my memory so deeply that they can never be effaced. It is told of him that once when a boy he came home to his mother without shoes. His mother said to him, 'Louis, what have you done with your shoes?' And he answered, 'Mother, I met a poor beggar boy; he had no shoes, so I gave him mine.' To those who knew the Emperor, never was there a character so noble, so good, and so generous. It was over and over again in his power to crush those who opposed him because of crimes committed against the law; but he refused to make use of his power to further his political aims. After the solemn funeral service on Wednesday last, there came to us in the sacristy a Marshal of France, one who had commanded and fought before Sebastopol. The eyes of the warrior were dim with tears as he approached the lord bishop who had officiated, and addressed him in a voice broken with emotion. 'My lord bishop, I thank you that you have come hither to lay on this tomb the tribute of your regards and regrets. He merits them well, for he had, indeed, a noble heart.'"

The funeral sermon of the Emperor had been spoken amid sobs and tears. Then followed an interval of silent prayer, and the benediction concluded the service. But the congregation was very loth to leave the chapel. The Duc de Bassano approached the *grille*, and, kneeling, inserted his hand and took from off the coffin a flower spray and an evergreen leaf, to carry to the Empress as a souvenir of the service. Then the ladies of the suite and the female visitors passed singly before the bars of the sacristy, each kneeling for a moment among the violets that strewed the passage. The rest of the congregation followed, a priest meanwhile saying a low mass.

THE TOMB.

The arch leading to the little outbuilding where the coffin had been deposited has been entirely closed with an iron gate. It is constructed of simple iron bars and cross-bars, painted dark blue and heavily gilded. They are let into the wall with hinges, and can be opened in the middle. Behind it, on a bier, stands the coffin covered with the pall, and so placed that a complete view can be obtained without difficulty. A cross rests upon the coffin, and the floor round about is covered with violets, roses, and other flowers, which have been thrown in by visitors. The large number of immortelle wreaths and bouquets of violets that were brought during the afternoon of Thursday could not be passed through the gate, but were deposited on the floor, where they form quite a little mound, one magnificent wreath of violets and roses which must have weighed many pounds, forming the centre piece. The artizans, on leaving Camden-place, went to the chapel, and deposited their banner on the other tributes, and returned to London. The wreath sent by the Queen is of various kinds of everlasting flowers; and so too are the wreaths offered by her children; so that no necessity is found for removing these tokens, in order that their place may be supplied by others.

There can be no doubt that the remains of the late Emperor will ultimately be placed in the vault of the church of Napoleon St. Leu, in the place of sepulture which he himself chose and erected. It would be a magnanimous act on the part of the French Republic to convey an intimation to the Bonaparte family of their willing sanction that the remains should be at once consigned to their permanent resting-place there, and to proffer a free permission to the whole of the members of the exiled family to visit France on the last errand of devotion to its late head.

Prince Napoleon came to London solely for the funeral ceremonies connected with the interment of the late Emperor. His desire is to obtain from the French law courts and from the Assembly the recognition of his rights as a French citizen. These being recognized, he, as he believes consistently with the traditions of his family, submits himself to the form of government approved by the French nation. Any rumours putting him forward as Pretendant are absolutely without foundation.

A deputation of the French *ouvriers* who came over to England for the purpose of attending the funeral of the ex-Emperor Napoleon waited upon the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Friday, for the purpose of thanking his lordship for having attended the ceremony and represented the Corporation of London upon the occasion. His lordship said that not only himself, but the citizens of London generally, felt deeply for the sad bereavement that had been sustained by the Imperial family

The Emperor was not devoted to any one class of sport more than another. In his youth and manhood he was a skilled fencer and a bold rider. Since his death many stories of his pluck and endurance in the hunting field whilst an exile in this country have been recalled to mind by eye-witnesses, and related in the public prints; from these we gather that he was a daring rather than a finished horseman. Those who saw him about three years before his fall, when, in honour of the Emperor of Austria, he reviewed on the plains of Suresnes some 80,000 of what were then believed to be the finest troops in the world, cannot fail to have remarked that, although not a good figure on horseback compared with the lithe and upright companions at his side, he yet sat the noble animal that carried him with the ease and dignity of a practised equestrian. The Emperor was a fair shot and a good skater, but had acquired no special proficiency in either pastime.

Sir Henry Thompson protests against the accounts respecting his mode of practice given by some French journals as wholly inaccurate, and demonstrates the necessity of his mode of treating the Emperor's case. Sir Henry says that the Emperor did not die from any effect of mechanical treatment, but because the kidneys were in an advanced stage of disease. "The instrument used was small. The longer I live the fewer, simpler, and smaller are my tools." Sir Henry Thompson refers to his lecture on lithotrity, at the University College Hospital, in November last, as a complete answer to those who speak of his operation as rough or painful. He says: "I rarely use chloroform. Often no expression of pain is heard. The sitting never exceeds two minutes."

A large number of persons continue daily to visit Chislehurst to witness the place of the Emperor Napoleon's burial; but most of the distinguished visitors to Campden House have already returned to France. It is now ascertained that in the six hours and three-quarters, during which the public were allowed to view the Emperor, 2,000 persons passed the coffin every hour. This gives a total of 17,000. If to these are added the number of persons who viewed the body prior to the doors being opened to the public, the result shows that altogether about 20,000 witnessed the lying-in-state.

A very curious detail concerning the funeral of the Emperor has been published. In order that it might not be said that Napoleon III. was buried in foreign ground, M. Eugène Delessert, the former secretary to his Majesty, brought from France a large box full of the earth upon which the Imperial exile had last trodden at the Tuileries, and the French soil was placed in the tomb in which the Emperor now rests.

Some French workmen residing in London have published a protest against what they call the farce played at the funeral of Napoleon III. by the appearance of men in blouses, represented to be working men from Paris. French working men, the writers say, do not wear the blouses at public ceremonies, and those who were present at Chislehurst, it is intimated, were merely Imperial police agents in disguise.

General de Cissey, the French Minister of War, has issued an order stating that certain officers who belonged to the Imperial Guard have appeared with black crape round their swords on account of the death of Napoleon III. He reminds those officers that the late Emperor having been deposed, they can only wear private mourning for him—that is, crape on the arm. Crape on the sword is, therefore, to be at once discontinued.

Unhappily, the burial of the Emperor Napoleon, like every occasion in England or elsewhere that draws together a great crowd, did not pass over without some emergence of the smaller crimes incident to such an oppportunity. Before the county magistrates at Sidcup a lighterman was committed for trial on the charge of stealing a watch from a gentleman in the crowd which observed the funeral. But this offence was venial compared to another which came before the notice of the same Bench. While M. Vincenot, the Emperor's valet, lodging in the village of Chislehurst, was absent with all his friends at the Emperor's obsequies, a large quantity of jewellery, much of which had been presented by the Imperial family, was carried off; and as yet no clue has been found to the thieves, who are believed to have succeeded by means of skeleton keys.

When the procession returned from the Emperor's funeral the Imperial Prince was saluted by the *ouvriers* and by a host of friends, and a cry was raised of "Vive Napoleon IV.!" At this moment a lady, clad in the deepest mourning, appeared on the balcony, and in the haste and excitement of the occasion many imagined it was the Empress. It was not so. Her Majesty had never quitted the prayerful seclusion of her chamber. The figure that showed itself for an instant was the former governess of the Prince Imperial, who, in her emotion, sought to look upon her old pupil in the supreme hour of his trial. The incident, by its misinterpetration, has given pain to the Empress, who would be much hurt if she were thought capable of accepting any public or political manifestation in the solemn hour when her whole heart and thoughts were absorbed in sacred grief.

Sir William Gull, writing to the *Times* on the subject of the Emperor Napoleon's illness and death, deprecates "the hasty and partial comments which are made, and which can only mislead the public and give pain to those who are better informed as to the whole course of the Emperor's illness."

Special services in memory of the late Emperor Napoleon were held in ten Paris churches on Wednesday; and on Thursday there was a solemn service in the Church at St. Cloud, which was built from the Emperor's privy purse.

The Empress Eugénie has no intention of leaving Camden House. The kind attention of the proprietor of the house, Mr. Strode, in now way diminishes, and his attachment is practically shown.

The Russian Court has gone into mourning for fourteen days for the late Emperor Napoleon III.

The London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post* writes:—"I hear from a well-informed source that the Imperial family at Chislehurst are left with an income of about £12,000 a year. The Spanish estates and private property of the Empress are worth £6,000 a year, and the sale of her diamonds, jewellery, and pictures produced about £120,000. The Emperor had hardly any income of his own. He might have enriched himself, and bequeathed a collossal fortune to his wife and son, but if he did not disdain to contemplate the possibility of flight or exile, he certainly neglected to take precautions against the future, which, judging after the event, no one would now pronounce to have been unwise.

A mistake has generally been made as to the birthplace of Napoleon III. He was not born, as is generally believed, at the Tuileries, but at the hotel or palace occupied by Queen Hortense, in the Rue Lafitte. Our informant accompanied the late Emperor, when he went, in 1849, to see the room in which he was born. This hotel now belongs to a member of the Rothschild family, and is at present occupied by the Ottoman Embassy.

Herr Lang, of Bruck, on the Mur (Austria), an enterprising manufacturer of dramas—manufacturing dramatist, as the papers style him—announces that he is preparing a great historical drama, to be called "Napoleon III.," including songs, ballets, and tableaux! The first part displays the earlier part of Louis Napoleon's career, and concludes with the *coup d'état* in December, 1852. The last part closes with the dramatised event at Chislehurst. The drama being of extraordinary length, two nights will be required, *à la* Alexandre Dumas, for its integral performance. Arrangements have already been entered into with several *impresarios*, who are being provided with the *maquettes* (plans) for an early *mise-en-scène*.

According to the *Liberté*, 500, tickets were delivered on the mail line, and about 50 more for the Dieppe and Newhaven route for Chislehurst. A Paris journal narrates a very recreative anecdote of the editor of a Communist paper having been kicked out of the train from London to Chislehurst by a party of Frenchmen, who lost their patience at his continual invectives against the deceased. This was done in a quiet way whilst the train had nearly come to a stop near a half-way station.

M. Carpaux has made for the Prince Imperial a wonderfully truthful drawing of the Emperor as he lies in his coffin, and has also been commissioned to execute a bust from the mask taken by Signor Brucciani.

The last words pronounced by the Emperor in his dying moments were addressed to his old and faithful friend; Dr. Conneau. They were, "*Etiez vous à Sedan?*" (Were you at Sedan?) Subsequently the Empress held his hand in hers, and gently kissed it; the Emperor smiled, and his lips moved as if returning his wife's embrace, but he never uttered another word after that last thought—"Sedan!"

The Empress caused an answer to be sent to the Emperor of Germany's message of condolence in the following brief terms:—"I appreciate the sentiments of your Majesty."

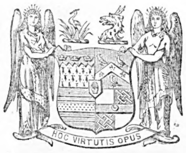
The Prince Imperial will attain his majority on the 16th March next.

It has been decided by the Emperor's friends that mourning shall be worn for three months.

On Wednesday, the 15th of January, there was buried in England the former French Emperor, who had lost his throne thirty months previously, and not a single shop in all Paris was closed on that account, not a theatre suspended its performances. A lady attached to the Bonapartist party lifted up the veil which covered her breast, and showing me a bunch of violets, the emblem of the party, told me that if I wished to know how many persons that day were mourning for the Sovereign whose funeral was being solemnized at Chislehurst I had only to observe how many, like herself, wore bunches of violets. "I am sure," she said, "that you could not walk many paces up the Boulevards without meeting many." The weather was splendid, and the crowd so great that it was difficult to make one's way through it. But I sought in vain to find a single bunch of violets among the promenaders. At last, after two hours' search, and when I was about to abandon the attempt, I perceived a tall young man with a bunch of violets at his button-hole. I could not resist my curiosity, and, advancing towards him, I said, "Pardon me, Sir, is that a token of mourning that you wear?" "No," replied he, with an air of surprise, and with an American accent; "I wear them because they smell sweet." This anecdote does not prove that Napoleon III. did not leave behind him in France numerous sincerely attached friends; but it does prove that in France it is a very rare thing to find men who have the courage of their opinions.

No change will be caused in the policy and the great purposes of the Bonapartist party by the death of the Emperor Napoleon. The unity of direction that has given that party its peculiar strength even amid the numerical weakness to which it was doomed in the present Assembly will—by common consent of all the dignitaries assembled at Chislehurst on the late solemn occasion—still continue to guide its action; the Empress and Prince Napoleon undertake the guardianship of the Prince Imperial, and will in that task faithfully carry out the ideas of the departed Head of the House; the Prince Imperial will wear the title of Napoleon IV. only in the hearts of his faithful servants, being known otherwise by the title of Prince Louis Napoleon, the title which his father bore before he became Emperor; and the sketch of Imperialist policy concludes with words which signify the fixed purpose of the party "to labour and to wait."

THE LATE LORD LYTTON.



ANOTHER great light in literature has been quenched, and the poignancy of the general regret will be intensified by the knowledge that the reading world was preparing, at the very moment of his passing away, to hail a fresh intellectual triumph on the part of him whose hand now lies powerless in death. The Right Honourable Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, Baron Lytton of Knebworth, and a Baronet of the United Kingdom, died on Saturday last, at Argyll Lodge, Torquay, from acute inflammation of the ear. He was a Peer of the Realm, and a Doctor of Civil Laws. He had been a member of the House of Commons, and a Cabinet Minister. He was a great county magnate, the lord of a famous ancestral mansion and of a great estate; but of his style and titles, his ancient lineage, his social grandeur, and his territorial wealth, the great public in England, on the Continent, and in America and Australia, will take little account. Rank and dignity were deservedly bestowed on the distinguished man whose loss we deplore, and by industry and by inheritance he accumulated great riches; but to all those, the whole world over, by whom genius is appreciated, invention recognized, and eloquence admired, he will be best known as Edward Bulwer, one of the most fascinating writers of fiction, the most moving dramatists, the most elegant poets, and the most cultivated scholars of the age—and, from the mere point of view of literary industry, the hardest worker of the nineteenth century.

Edward Bulwer Lytton was born in 1805, sixty-seven years ago, and was the third and youngest son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk. His suffix of Lytton came from his mother, Elizabeth Barbara, the heiress of the very old family of the Lyttons of Knebworth. By her, and at home, he was mainly educated. He does not seem to have been at any public school, properly so called; but he was entered very early at Trinity College, and afterwards at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he gained the Chancellor's gold medal for an English poem on "Sculpture." During the long vacation he made pedestrian excursions over England and Scotland, and the year after he left college he travelled on horseback through a great part of France. He graduated B.A. in 1826, and M.A. in 1835, and at a later period Oxford, and in 1864 Cambridge, conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L.

Long before he attained his majority he had become not only a close student of what used to be conventionally called the "belles lettres"—a term which has now all but lost its signification—but an attentive observer of the manners of the society in which, as a youth, he moved. The circles into which his birth and connections gave him entrance were the very highest; they had bowed down before Brummell, and prostrated themselves before the Prince Regent. Young Edward Bulwer caught the tone and manner, and to a certain extent adopted the idiosyncrasies, of the Last of the Dandies—foibles of which in after years he was bitterly reminded both by Alfred Tennyson and by William Makepeace Thackeray; but, from his having been an exquisite and a lounger, a dangler in ball-room conservatories, and a gossiper in club bay windows, the reading public experienced a speedy and a splendid boon in the novel of "Pelham; or the Adventures of a Gentleman," which was published anonymously in 1827. This was not his first attempt in authorship. So early as 1820, when a mere schoolboy, he had published an Oriental tale, entitled "Ismael," a bold attempt in emulation of the equally precocious production of William Beckford, although it failed to gain the permanent popularity enjoyed by the "Caliph Vathek." Again, in 1826, he printed, for private circulation, in Paris, a few copies of a collection of poems and apologues, called "Weeds and Wild Flowers;" and in the following year appeared "O'Neil, the Rebel," a tale in verse, and "Falkland," a love story. From these works to "Pelham" the leap was as sudden and audacious as that of Byron from the "Hours of Idleness" to the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." There is nothing of blushingly-borne *toga virilis* about "Pelham." The book might have been written by a man forty years of age. It might be classed, so far as knowledge of life and of the human heart extends, with the great prose epics of Fielding and Thackeray,

This was not, however, to be the only intellectual surprise which Edward Bulwer was destined to afford to his readers. The polished trifling, the almost insolent badinage, the cool, sneering cynicism of "Pelham" were speedily to be followed by novels replete with the most startling incidents and the gloomiest melodramatic situations. It is no violation of the maxim which tells us to speak only good of the dead, to say that Bulwer was the first of the modern "sensational novelists." "The Disowned," published in 1828; "Devereux," in 1829; "Paul Clifford," in 1830; and, above all, "Eugene Aram," in 1832, were certainly not romances which many students would have imagined to have flowed from the pen of the author of "Pelham." Meanwhile, study, travel, and observation were still further enlarging the mind and developing the capacity of the young man who, almost before he was out of his teens, had made so formidable a *coup*. In 1831 appeared Bulwer's fascinating book of travel, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," a satire in verse entitled "The Siamese Twins," associated with which was the graceful poem on "Milton;" and the wildly romantic and not very healthy "Eugene Aram." This was quickly followed by "Godolphin," a nobly eloquent fiction, in which the future statesman showed himself.

In 1833 Edward Bulwer succeeded Mr. S. C. Hall in the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," to which he contributed a series of thoughtful but somewhat abstruse essays, subsequently republished under the title of "The Student;" and about the same date were put forth his racy and caustic sketches of national manners, called "England and the English." By this time the novelist, the poet, the essayist, the satirist, and the dandy had become likewise a politician. That faultless monster, the "Junior Conservative," was a type not often met with in the fierce days of party strife following the first Reform Bill. Being very young, Mr. Bulwer was naturally a Liberal. He first entered Parliament in 1831 as member for St. Ive's; in 1832 he was returned for Lincoln, a seat he held for some ten years. During this part of his Parliamentary career he published, in 1835, a political pamphlet, entitled "The Crisis," in reference to the brief interruption of the Whig Government by the Conservative Ministry of Sir Robert Peel. This pamphlet ran through many editions, and added considerably to the growing political reputation of the writer. A certain defect in his intonation prevented his becoming an effective speaker in the House, and this defect increased with his years. Thus many of his finest speeches were all but marred in the delivery; but, albeit somewhat distressing to hear, they were admirable reading. The technical shortcomings in his oratory were probably due to a constitutional deafness with which he was early afflicted, and which at last became incurable. He spoke frequently, however, and to the purpose, on the subjects of slavery and education; the orations of his later years were really recited pamphlets, admirable both as regarded literary composition and profundity of political knowledge.

Meanwhile he had achieved greater and brighter fame in the fields of classical and picturesque romance; and the results of a residence in Naples and in Rome were gloriously manifested in "Rienzi," and in the "Last Days of Pompeii." In 1835 two minor romances, "Leilla; or, the Siege of Granada," and "Calderon the Courtier," made their appearance; and in the year following the first essay of Bulwer as a dramatist was made in the five-act play of "The Duchesse de la Vallière," which failed to become popular. In 1836, two volumes, to which the completion has never been given, of an historical and critical novel entitled, "Athens: its Rise and Fall," came once more to prove the versatility of Bulwer's genius; then, by a sudden *volte-face* he reverted to his perhaps favourite path of melodramatic romance, and the two powerful fictions, "Ernest Maltravers" and "Alice; or, the Mysteries," in which the sensational was subtly mingled with the transcendental, at once captivated public attention. Both were very unwholesome books, but both added considerably to the already amazing popularity of their author. On the occasion of the Coronation of her Majesty in 1838, the novelist was made a baronet, his colleague in distinction being Sir John Herschel, and the honours being avowedly bestowed on both as representatives of British literature and science. In the same year Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer produced the notable dramatic poem of "The Lady of Lyons." Admirably aided by the talent and art, both as actor and manager, of William Charles Macready, who sustained the part of Claude Melnotte, "The Lady of Lyons"—the plot of which is remotely derived from a melancholy incident in the life of Angelica Kauffmann, the painter—achieved a great and brilliant success, and has ever since remained a "stock piece," constantly sure to draw good audiences, on the London and provincial stage. Success as genuine, albeit not quite so universal, attended the production of "Richelieu" in 1839, Macready again playing the principal part. Another five-act play, "The Sea Captain," was produced in 1839, and virtually failed; nor when revived as "The Rightful Heir," nearly thirty years afterwards, at the Lyceum did it obtain more than a *succès d'estime*. On the other hand, the comedy of "Money," with Macready, Webster, Strickland, and Helen Faucit in the principal *rôles*, was triumphantly greeted at the Haymarket in 1840, as it has recently been at the Prince of Wales's Theatre under the auspices of Mrs. Bancroft. Another comedy, written many years after "Money," and called "Not so Bad as we Seem," scarcely courted the deliberate verdict of the public, as it was composed only for the amateur performers, Dickens, Jerrold, Forster, Mark Lemon, and others, who, with the active concurrence and assistance of Sir Edward Bulwer, organized the originally promising, but ultimately disappointing enterprise known as "The Guild of Literature and Art." Strangely enough, his successful plays are anything but elaborated works of art. His most popular, "The Lady of Lyons," is almost as badly constructed as a play can be, with incidents wildly improbable, impossible situations, and an absurd *dénouement*. Yet through the human interest in the main idea, the struggle between love and pride, and in the opportunities which it offers for fine acting to a woman of genius, the play will live as long as Pauline Deschappelles can find a representative, and as long as Englishmen take interest in romantic love.

Early in 1841, Sir Edward was associated with Dr. Lardner and Sir David Brewster in a half-scientific, half-political periodical called "The Monthly Chronicle;" but the speculation was not successful. During his connection with this organ he contributed to its political section a remarkable "Historical Review of the State of England and Europe at the Accession of Queen Victoria," on which M. Guizot bestowed the highest commendation. Failure, either partial or complete, always acted on Bulwer as contact with his mother Earth acted upon Antæus. Again he reverted to the fields where he had gathered such plenteous laurels. The thrilling melodramatic novel of "Night and Morning," put forth in 1841, in which, for the character of Gawtrey, he was indebted—and he was not ashamed to confess the obligation—to the Vautrin of Honoré de Balzac, was succeeded in 1842 by the astonishingly ingenious and imaginative romance of "Zanoni"—"the well-loved work," to use his own expression, "of his mature manhood." Divested of its metaphysical and transcendental excresences, in which the acumen of Spinoza seems mingled with the cloudiness of Swedenborg, "Zanoni" must remain, next to the "Mysteries of Udolpho," one of the most exciting works of fiction produced till the present day. About the same time he published a volume of poetry, entitled "Eva, and the Ill-omened Marriage," since incorporated, with considerable additions, in the complete edition of his poetical works. The last of the "sensational" Bulwerian epics was "Lucretia; or, the Children of Night." As usual, it was undeniably powerful in construction and fascinating in style; but it was so literal a record of the crimes of an abominable villain called Wainwright, who began life as a light *littérateur* and art-critic, writing under the pseudonym of James Weathercock—he attended Fuseli's funeral—and ended it as a forger and poisoner, that it was well-nigh revolting.

But Bulwer was to achieve higher and nobler things. Losing his seat in Parliament in 1841, he travelled long in Germany, studying sedulously the language and literature of the Fatherland. He collected materials for a comprehensive "Life of Schiller," but contented himself with writing a brief though appreciative biography of the poet, appended to an admirable translation of his "Poems and Ballads." Early in 1843 he produced the historical romance of "The Last of the Barons." At the close of this year his mother died, and Sir Edward, succeeding to the estate of Knebworth, assumed by Royal licence the final surname of Lytton. The effects of unremitting toil having seriously affected his health, he was induced to try the hydropathic system, in the year 1845; and in a sparkling letter to W. Harrison Ainsworth, published as the "Confessions of a Water Patient," he made known his impressions and opinions of the efficacy of that system. Considerable changes having occurred in the circumstances of the country, his political views had gradually become modified, and it was as a Conservative that Sir Bulwer Lytton now sought to be returned to Parliament. In 1852, after having explained his views some twelve months before, in his famous "Letter to John Bull, Esquire," which passed through ten editions, he re-entered the House of Commons as one of the members for the county of Herts. Bulwer's Toryism was not, however, at any time of a very aggressive nature; and to his millions of readers his politics never mattered a jot. Between 1845 and 1852 had appeared a satire from his pen, entitled "The New Timon," in which a few lines, seemingly reflecting on Alfred Tennyson, drew from the poet a terribly stinging retort, published in the pages of "Punch." The author of "Pelham" was twitted with his dandyism, and scoffed at as "the padded man who wears the stays." This, with the exception of a slight passage of arms, soon after 1830, with Jules Janin, was the only literary quarrel Lord Lytton ever had.

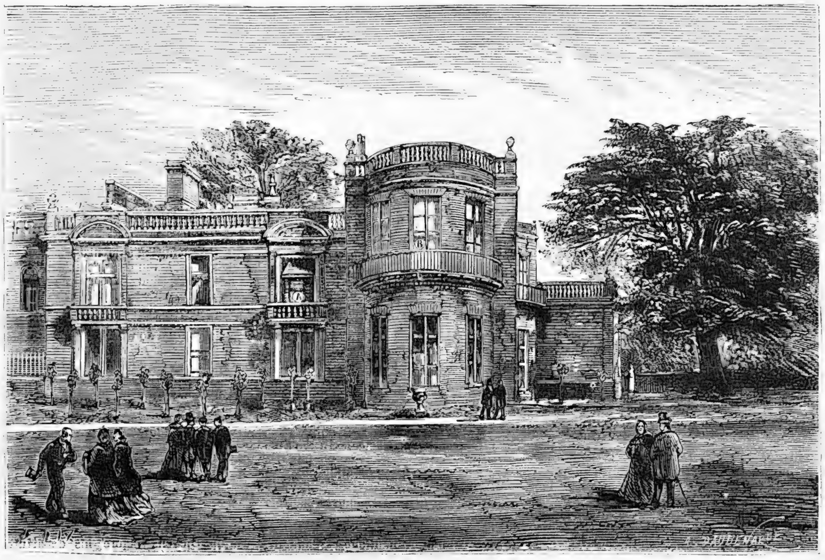
In 1853 the indefatigable author published another historic novel, "Harold: the Last of the Saxon Kings;" and about this time also he issued an epic in thirteen books, with the irrepressible King Arthur for the hero. The poem was in parts very beautiful, but it gained no more popularity than Sir Richard Blackmore's even lengthier and more ponderous Arthurian epic had won. But, as usual with Bulwer, lack of success in one department of literature was counteracted by astonishing victory in another. "The Caxtons," a domestic romance, as charming as any of Miss Austen's, was published by instalments in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In this delightful book, as in its successors, "My Novel" and "What will he do with it?" a certain section of critics loudly accused Bulwer of imitating Sterne. It is very certain either that Bulwer, having tried to imitate Sterne, had signally failed in the attempt, or that the critics had never read "Tristram Shandy"—for nothing can be more unlike that book than the Caxtonian series. "What will he do with it?"—the least Caxtonian of the series, but, nevertheless, a wonderful picture of life in widely-ranging phases—was published in a connected form in 1858. In 1862 the author's penultimate work of fiction, "A Strange Story," in which he showed some symptoms of a return towards his old mystic and transcendental loves, was published in *All the Year Round* with the conductor of which, (the late Charles Dickens), he had been for many years on terms of close and affectionate friendship. At the memorable banquet given in honour of Dickens before his departure for the United States, the chair was taken by Bulwer, who delivered one of the nobles of his speeches.

On the accession of the Conservative party to power under Lord Derby in 1858, Sir Bulwer Lytton was selected by the Premier as one of his colleagues in the Cabinet, with the appointment of Secretary of State for the Colonies. In the single year during which he was in office, he abolished the monopoly involved in the licence of the Hudson's Bay Company, called into existence the noble colony of British Columbia, and removed the discontents and developed the resources of the magnificent district now called Queensland, by raising it into a colony separate from Sydney. Both these settlements have evinced gratitude to their founder in associating their rise with his administration, and a town in each, which may hereafter be an industrious centre of commerce and art, bears the name of Lytton. Soon after the accession to power of Lord Derby's third administration in July, 1866, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was raised to the Peerage as Baron Lytton, of Knebworth.

His latest publications were "Caxtoniana; or, Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners, by Pisistratus Caxton," in two vols., in 1863; "The Lost Tales of Miletus," a collection of ancient legends in original rhythmical strophes, in 1866; a translation of "Horace's Odes," with a preliminary critical essay on the genius of Horace and the causes of his popularity, in 1869; "Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price," a comedy, in three acts, written in the rhymed metre of Molière, in 1869; and a new edition of "King Arthur," revised and in part rewritten, in 1870. In addition to the long list of his works above enumerated may be mentioned a biographical sketch of Laman Blanchard, prefixed to his Essays, in 1846; the author's "Inaugural Address to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh," delivered on the occasion of his being elected first honorary president, and printed in 1854; his, "Address to the Students of Glasgow University," on his first election as Lord Rector; many valuable critical articles and essays in the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, and *Westminster Reviews;* and his remarkable treatise in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* on the "Reign of Terror and the French Revolution." Lord Lytton has been twice elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, an honour never bestowed on any other Englishman, and only on one Scotchman, Thomas Campbell.

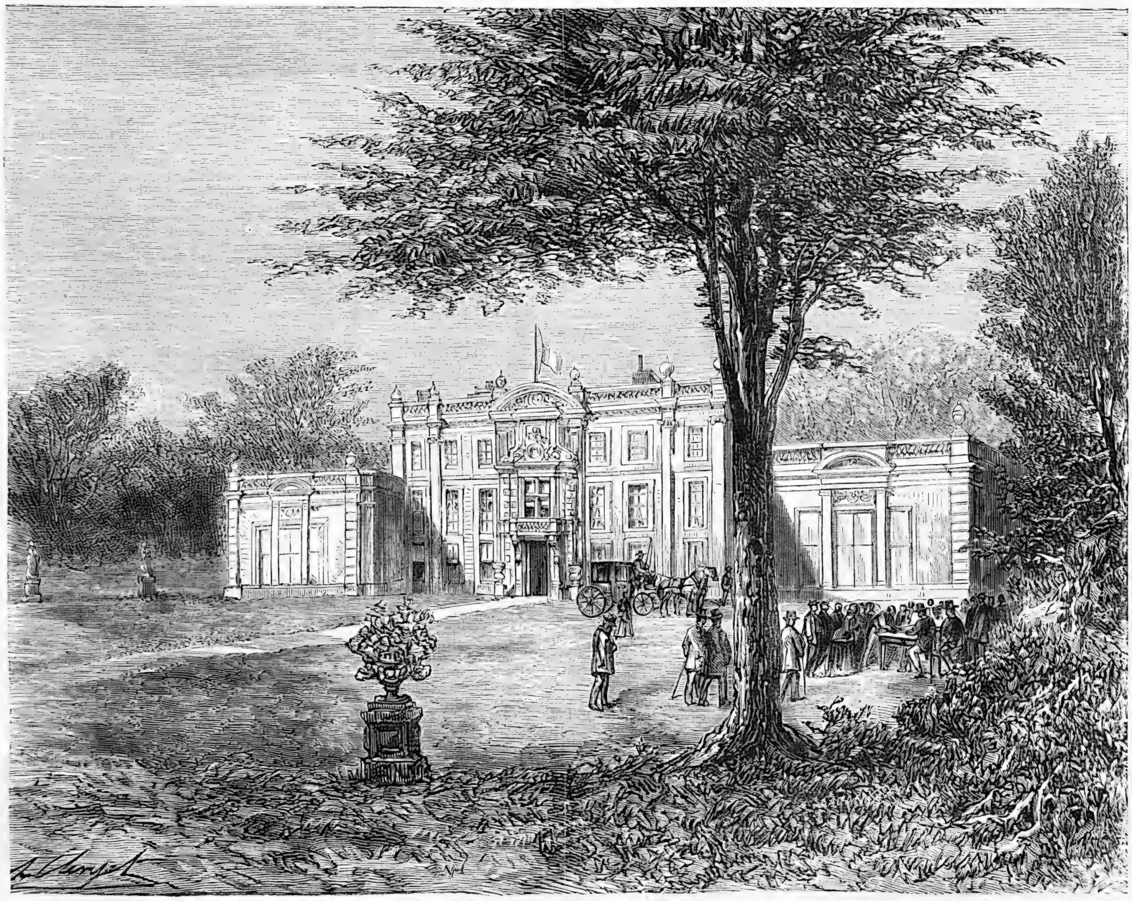
For the last few years of his life he had been a sad invalid, suffering mainly from his old infirmity of deafness, an aggravation of which in the shape of auricular inflammation ultimately proved fatal; but recently he had enjoyed unusually good health, and only the other day had sent to London the last corrected proofs of a new novel called "Kenelm Chillingley." Thus from Bulwer the public will have, as it has had both from Thackeray and from Dickens, a posthumous work. With Chateaubriand they have gone to swell the list of *les écrivains d'outre-tombe*.

Such is the literary record of the life of the illustrious man who has just passed away. Personally, so far as at this stage criticism is warranted in discussing him individually, there is little to be said concerning him. He was assuredly a "wit among lords," but he could scarcely be called a "lord among wits"—as that Chesterfield was called with whom, curiously enough, he shared the infirmity of deafness. With the "wits" he mingled little, and rarely. He was intimate with Dickens, with Macready, and with Forster; he was friendly with Harrison Ainsworth; he knew and loved Laman Blanchard well. These names apart, he seldom came in contact with writers of his own standing in the Republic of Letters; but his kindly advice and assistance were rarely denied to young and struggling authors. Ill-natured he certainly was not; he was the readiest of quarries to the begging-letter writers; but, as Thackeray put it in the case of Swift, "The Giants must be alone," and Lytton, in his stately manor house, was, so far as literary kinship went, almost as much a hermit and a recluse as Macaulay had been in his chambers in the Albany. His name had been for nearly two generations a household word; his novels had been devoured by millions of readers—not only in our own tongue, but in almost every continental language. Lord Lytton, as a favourite with the reading public, ran Charles Dickens closely; but to few persons out of the immediate circle of his acquaintances was he personally known. He leaves his son, however, who inherits his title and partakes of his genius; and from Robert, second Baron Lytton, better known to the reading public as Owen Meredith, we may look in due time for that which is fitting further to be imparted of the life-story of him who must incontrovertibly be recognised as one of the greatest authors who have adorned the Victorian age.

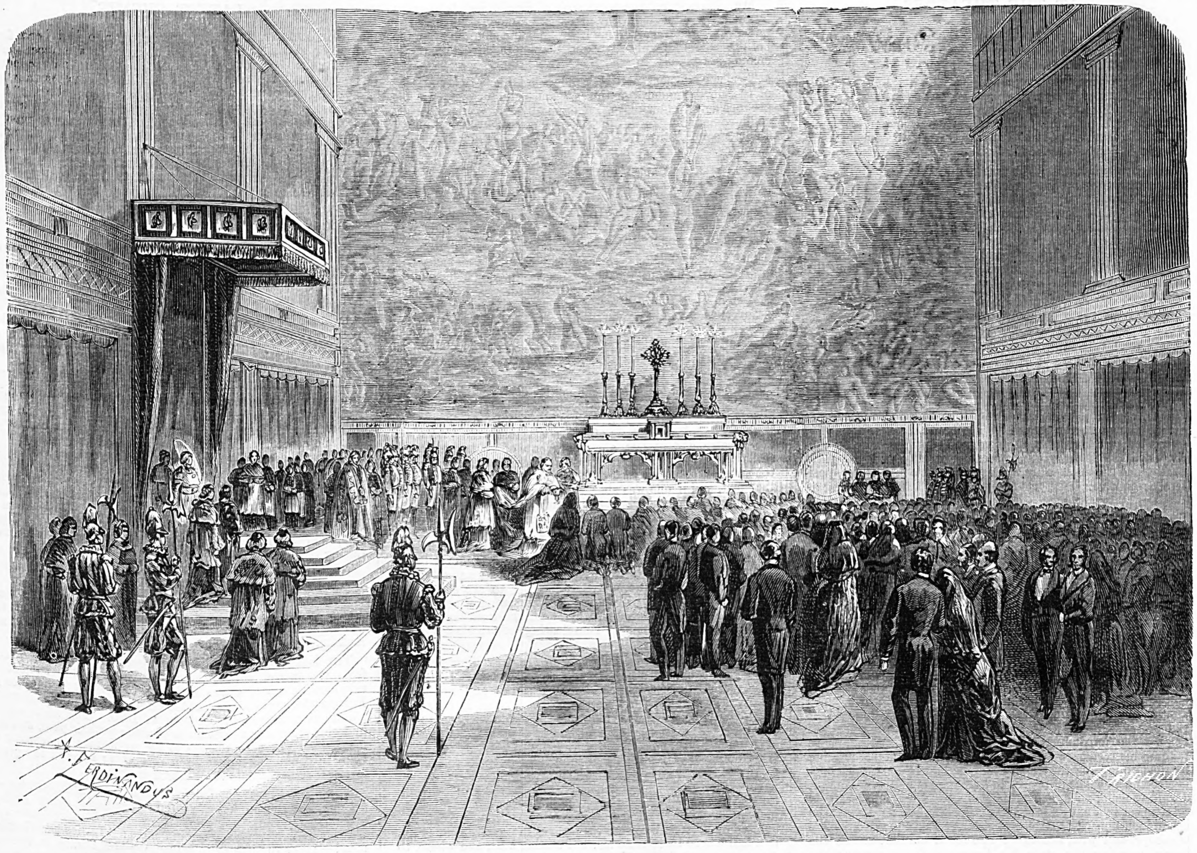


CAMDEN PLACE.——THE APARTMENTS OCCUPIED BY THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS.
A. Window of the Chamber of Napoleon III. B. The Empress's Chamber.

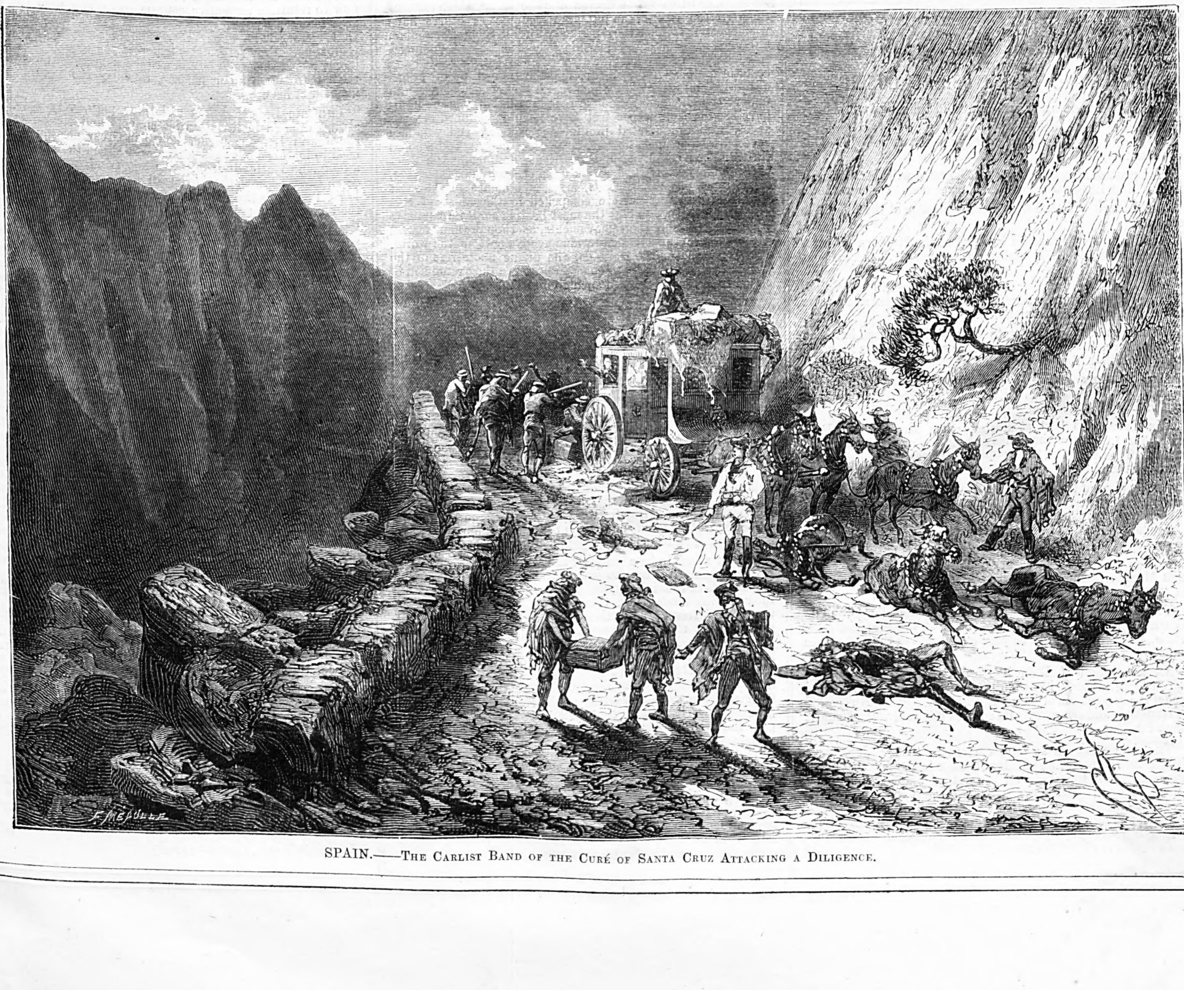
DR. H. VIVIEN, the medical contributor to the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, has published a reply to Sir Henry Thompson's letter, summarized in another column. Dr. Vivien adopts the artifice of putting upon the stage an imaginary friend, designated by the initial "N.," who undertakes to demolish the English operator, *l'illustrissime Thompson*, as Dr. Vivien calls him in his superb disdain. In the opinion of this impalpable abstraction, "N.," Sir Henry should have left well alone, and not compromised himself still farther by entering into explanations calculated to endanger his reputation. Nélaton, more farsighted than the rest, perceived that, with the kidneys in a state of decomposition, an operation was impossible, and Thompson, continues the ghostly "N.," should not have made the attempt without a chance of success. And when Sir Henry writes that the patient "died because the kidneys were in an advanced state of disease," his critic cries: "*Habemus confitentem reum!* This advanced state of disease is precisely what Nélaton saw, and Thompson did not!" Another very gross error laid to the charge of the operator is the having omitted to inject water into the bladder, so as to have more room to operate in. "By his silence," continues Dr. Vivien—we mean his friend "N.,"—"Sir Henry accepts this reproach, and we are asked to believe that in a contracted organ he was working entirely at his ease, so as to be able to choose his fragments, and to crush one instead of another." Of the merits of the dispute, which lie quite beyond our province, we wash our hands altogether.



CAMDEN PLACE (From the Garden).——VISITORS SIGNING THEIR NAMES IN THE REGISTER OF CONDOLENCE.


F. Ferdinandus
Trichon

ROME.——Pope Pius IX. Administering the Holy Communion in the Sistine Chapel.



SPAIN.——The Carlist Band of the Curé of Santa Cruz Attacking a Diligence.

AT THE THEATRES.

The Agricultural Hall, where the Christmas entertainments have met with unusual success, and which was advertised to close this week, will remain open for a second season.

At the Opéra Comique, the comedy of the Ladies' Battle, by Mr. Charles Reade has been revived, for the purpose of presenting Miss Eleanor Bufton in the prominent character, and this will be rapidly followed by a new opera bouffé, by H. Farnie, founded on the "Timbale D'Argenté," in which Mr. George Honey will make his first appearance at this theatre.

No novelty has varied the programmes during the past week, if we except the production on Thursday night of a new drama by Mr. Alfred Kempe, founded on Mrs. Wood's well-known novel of "East Lynne," and called "Lady Isabel," brought out at the Holborn for the special purpose of strengthening the bill put forth by Mrs. Hermann Vezin on the occasion of her benefit. There are many details which are somewhat crude, and which will have been discovered and doubtless remedied before another performance; but taken as a whole the work reflects credit upon its author, and may be pronounced a success.

The pantomime at Sanger's (late Astley's) Amphitheatre must have hit the fancy of the South Londoners, to judge from the excellent houses it is drawing. The opening scenes, if somewhat unintelligible and incoherent, are at any rate worth provoking; and this we take to be the principal desideratum in an entertainment of this kind. But who is responsible for the execrable taste and utter defiance to all known rules of colour shown in the dresses? The house itself is admirably decorated, and the judicious blending of primaries and secondaries in the transformation scene is worthy of the highest praise, but the dresses are, with perhaps two exceptions, positively repulsive.

At Drury Lane the pantomime is now preceded by a new farce, entitled "The Tale of a Comet," founded on the somewhat stale idea of a lover gaining accession to the house of some crusty old guardian under false pretences, in order to carry off the object of his affections, which has been resorted to by farce-writers times without number. The lover in this instance is a young student, Dr. Payback; the loved one is Florence; and the stern custodian of female virtue is Sir Jeremy Softdown. The Doctor and Florence have met in London, and their passion is mutual. Sir Jeremy, in order to remove his *proétyée* from the snares which beset her path, takes her to his country seat, one hundred miles from London. But Dr. Payback is speedily in the neighbourhood, disguised as a philosopher bent on studying the face of the heavens, and full of prophecy concerning a terrible comet which, as he asserts, is approaching the earth. Perhaps, imagining that the presence of so learned an individual will be a safeguard against the impending calamity, Sir Jeremy invites him to take up his residence with him, and all looks like plain sailing for the two lovers; for the Doctor's "globes" contain a rope-ladder and a change of attire, and, by the aid of Jenny Dumps, a waiting maid, an elopement is planned. Everything is, however, upset by Jenny's lover, Dick Forcem, the gardener, who has hidden himself at dead of night in the pseudo astronomer's telescope, and who, mistaking him for a burglar, alarms the house, bringing the irate Sir Jeremy and his disconsolate sister upon the scene. A reconciliation is, as usual, brought about, for the Doctor has credentials to show that his position entitles him to lay claim to the hand of Florence, and in the end everybody is made happy.

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DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Mr. H. J. Byron's new comedy, "Old Soldiers," will shortly be produced at the Strand.

Fifty-one new operas were produced in Italy in 1872. Out of these forty-nine were failures.

The present season at the Court Theatre will shortly terminate. Miss Litton will take the management of a new house.

Mr. Liston will take the Queen's Theatre at the end of the season.

Mr. Nation will succeed Mr. Fell at the Holborn Theatre. Rumour says the latter wishes to succeed Mr. Chatterton at Drury Lane.

A monument to Auber in France is at last to be erected, M. Jules Simon having ordered the necessary bronze and marble to be supplied to the Commission.

The Brussels journals state that Mdlle. Nilsson has been engaged for a few peformances to take place at the La Monnaie from the 15th of April.

Mr. Stehpen Fiske's new Satire, in three acts, founded upon M. Sardou's famous "Rubagas," has been duly licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

We understand that at Easter, when Mrs. Howard Paul will have terminated her engagement at Covent Garden, she and Mr. Paul will give their popular entertainment in the chief towns of the kingdom.

At the close of the run of "Charles I." at the Lyceum, which will not, however, happen yet awhile, Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu" will be produced, Mr. Henry Irving playing the Cardinal.

When George the Third was King. It is not often given to works to outlive a century and a half, but we understand that Messrs. Dean and Son will shortly issue the 159th edition of "Debrett's Peerage Baronetage and Knightage."

The new ballet of M. Guiraud, "Le Forgeron de Gretna Green," is in active rehearsal at the French Opera, Paris, and will probably be produced towards the end of the month.

An adaptation of Dion Boucicault's drama in five acts, "The Long Strike," has been produced at the Paris Ambigu, under the designation of "La Dépêche," M. Eugène Nus acting as translator and arranger. Its success was never for a moment doubtful.

The idle rumours so long current as to Mr. Jefferson's failing health receive an effectual answer in the fact that he reappeared upon the stage on the 1st of January, at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore. The largest audience ever assembled in that theatre greeted the re-entrance of Rip Van Winkle, and gave him an affectionate and enthusiastic greeting. The acting was fully up to its former standard, and Mr. Jefferson's health is entirely restored.

Mr. Mapleson, the *Impresario* of Her Majesty's Theatre, has just passed a single day in Paris. Rumour whispers that he has engaged a marvellous baritone and a charming soprano, both of whom he will produce in London in the course of the coming season.

The management at the Vaudeville intends to try a series of the now popular "matinées," and will on these occasions produce several new plays. A drama by Mr. Walter Stevens, and a comedy by Mr. J. Mortimer (suggested by "Le Supplice d'une Femme," by De Girardin) will be amongst the first novelties.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's new drama, "Man and Wife," is in active rehearsal at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and will shortly be produced. The Man and Wife will be represented by Mr. Coghlan and Miss Lydia Foote; Sir Patrick Lundry by Mr. John Hare; and the old Scotchman by Mr. Dewar. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will also sustain important parts.

The answer of Dumas to the Berlin theatrical manager who desired to bring out his new comedy, in which he said his terms were Alsace, will be remembered. A Berliner has written a rejoinder to the witty Frenchman, in which he says: "I freely admit that your merits are far above those of that Roman flute-player to whom one of the Cæsars gave a provence as a reward. But the days of territorial liberality are passed for the fine arts. If you want Alsace, there is only one way to get it—come and take it."

The success of the opera bouffé "La Timbale d'Argenté" at the Bouffes Parisiens seemed inexhaustible. It had kept the bills for nearly a year, and people flocked from all parts of France to applaud. Many of the spectators were *habitués* of the theatre, and at last a select group of gentlemen in the stalls began to know each other, as if they were members of the same club. They took off their hats to one another when they met, and if one was absent on any particular evening the others became uneasy, and asked if any accident had happened to the missing playgoer. The announcement of the new work, "La Petite Reine," by the authors of the "Silver Cup," scattered these ardent pleasure-seekers like chaff before the wind, and there is no chance of the pleasant group ever being reunited, as the novelty is far from equalling its naughty predecessor. So that the audience, rushing to see something very highly flavoured, are in the same disappointing predicament as Thackeray's seaman, when he fished from the ocean a bottle, and, with visions of rum floating before his eyes, discovered only a packet of tracts.

The Japanese Ambassadors, who are travelling through Europe in order to study the refined civilization of modern society, were present on Sunday last at the performance of "Robert le Diable," the libretto of which is, as it ever was, as unintelligible to Frenchmen as it must have been to the Japanese. The Ambassadors withdrew, filled with admiration at the marvels they had been permitted to witness, and there is no doubt that he among them whose duty it will be to report to the Mikado the results of their experiences must have written to his august master in something like the following terms:—"The most refined European civilization in Europe consists in building great houses which are inhabited by persons who seat themselves in inconvenient chairs in a hall where there is no air, but stifling heat, and where, to please them, a body of unhappy slaves are compelled to undergo the most dreadful sufferings. Some of these blow into copper tubes with a degree of vehemence which exposes them to the risk of an attack of apoplexy; others have wooden sticks which they strike with all their force upon stretched skins or strings; while one placed alone, holding a wooden stick in his hand, waves it about like a Fakir in an ecstatic state. Others, again, appear dressed up in various disguises, and utter cries which recall the shrieks of a victim under the knife. There are still others whose limbs have been broken, whose feet have been imprisoned in tight shoes, who are painted in different colours, and who are covered with artificial flowers, cotton and copper, and who go through the most dreadful contortions, and make the most extraordinary leaps They walk upon the points of their toes, whirl about, place their heads, arms, and bodies in the most frightful positions, and are compelled in the midst of this abominable torture to cast the most beatific smiles upon those who are witnessing their movements, as though their fearful agonies were the most agreeable enjoyments in the world. May it please Teu Sio Dai Zen, the divine ancestress of the Mikado, for many years to come to preserve the sacred soil of Japan from the products of such civilization."

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A French physician was recently accosted by the *concierge* as he was leaving a patient's house. "How is the poor gentleman upstairs?" "Very bad—dangerously ill." "Oh, doctor, do keep him alive until New Year's Day, that I may not be deprived of my *étrennes*—do this for me!"

Before daylight on Monday morning the German steamer *Holsatia* ran on a bank in entering Plymouth Sound. She had no pilot on board, having been unable to find one outside. A steam tender went to her assistance, but could not succeed in getting her off. The *Holsatia* accordingly made signals of distress by firing guns, throwing up rockets, and showing blue lights. This was at a quarter to five in the morning; but it was not until past seven that a Government tug came out to her, although three frigates were lying in the Sound. Meanwhile the *Holsatia* had succeeded in getting off, apparently but little injured, and soon afterwards left for Cherbourg.

There seems to be a growing fashion among drunkards of handing themselves over to justice as self-accused murderers in moments of conviviality, and on return of sobriety retracting their horrible confessions, thus giving an immense amount of unnecessary trouble, and raising hopes, too soon to be cruelly crushed, that the police have at last got hold of a real, *bonâ fide* criminal. Mr. George Cooper, who was charged at Bow-street a day or two ago with the murder of Harriet Buswell in Great Coram-street, at all events deserves the credit of framing a romance worthy of Miss Braddon out of this tragical affair. On giving himself into custody at the Hackney police station he stated he had been employed by "a colonel" to commit the murder for the sum of £100, and accordingly slaughtered the unhappy woman on her refusal to give up certain papers, the possession of which, it is to be presumed, was of vital importance to "the colonel." Mr. Cooper's excuse for having invented this story was that "he had been drinking whisky and old ale for a week, and had a touch of delirium tremens." A touch of the birch, mildly but judiciously applied, would, we think, have benefited Mr. Cooper. At any rate it would have checked the practice of making similar statements, a practice far too common.

LATEST EVENTS.

Fenouillat, Decamp, and Benot, who had been found guilty and condemned to death for murder and incendiarism during the Commune, were executed at Satory on Wednesday morning at half-past seven. Fenouillat did not say anything at the place of execution, but Decamp shouted out, "I die assassinated. Down with false witnesses! Down with lawyers! Down with Thiers!" Benot said, "Long live the Republic, democratic and social! Long live the Commune! Long live the army!" All three died instantaneously. No incident occurred, and but few spectators were present. Ten other prisoners who had been condemned to death have had their sentences commuted.

Count Schouvaloff has been received in audience by the Emperor of Germany, and had frequent intercourse in Court circles. According to trustworthy information the Count has repeatedly expressed himself highly satisfied with the result of his mission to England on the subject of Central Asia.

The Grand Duchess Helena Paulovna, daughter of the late Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, and widow of the Grand Duke Michel Paulowitz, died at St. Petersburg on Tuesday afternoon.

A marriage contract was signed at Cairo on the 16th inst., between the hereditary Prince Mechmed Terfik Pacha, aged 20, with the daughter of the late Elhani Pacha, in the presence of the dignatories of the Court and of the Consuls-General of Foreign Powers. According to the Eastern custom, gifts were distributed to those present at the ceremony, the Consuls each receiving a cashmere shawl. On the two following days horse and dromedary races were held; and on the 18th a grand ball was given at the Palace. The head chamberlain of the Sultan presented the four Princes, Hussein, Hassan, Toussain, and Ibrahim Pacha, with firmans from the Sultan, raising them to the rank of Mushir.

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At a meeting recently held in Belfast, arrangements were made towards the proposed opening and working of the lignite beds which lie at the northern portion of the county Antrim. This lignite can be used as a substitute for coal.

The last letter which has been received by the *Daily News* from its special correspondent in China on the subject of religious missions, draws attention to the utter ignorance of Europe which prevails among the Chinese, and to the deplorable results it produced at Tientsin in 1870. The missionaries find this ignorance the greatest obstacle in their path, and are making an effort to remove it by publishing a magazine in Chinese containing information respecting some of the great material achievements of Western civilization.

The annexed was handed in at a house at Peckham by an organ-grinder, who has "visited" regularly every Friday evening for years: the copy is exact. The original was written in a clerkly but foreign hand: "Ladies and Gentlemen!—Allow the liberty to return my best thanks to you for all your kindness to me during all the time I have been living and gaining my livelihood in this noble country. I intend now to return to my native country, Italy, and wish you and your family all possibly happiness and prosperity. God by! God bless you!—Your very humble servant, Lotorelli Guiseppe. Pray return this paper, if you please." It is to be presumed that the grateful writer has made his fortune and retired to his Italian palazzo, to enjoy the luxurious remainder of his days.

The late Lady Penrhyn had three pugs, very ugly, and always dressed in little scarlet bonnets and cloaks. When she was in London, in her house in Grosvenor-square, they used to be taken out thus attired to walk in the square, with a footman to attend them. She left them each an annuity when she died, and they lived an immense time. Once, in Lord Penrhyn's time, when she and Lord P. were driving in their coach and six, through the streets of Northwich, the pugs were looking out of the windows, and the bystanders, mistaking their species, exclaimed, "Eh, milord and milady are mighty fine, but their children are hearty fow" (ugly).

Not content with endeavouring to outstrip us as a naval power, as far as size and number of ironclads are concerned, it appears as if the Russians were about to be first in the field, or rather in the water, with an anti-seasick sailing-vessel. The inventor of this "floating cabin" is a M. Alexandrovski. The construction, says a St. Petersburg correspondent, is very much the same as that of the Bessemer, but the cabin, instead of being attached to a pivot, literally floats in a kind of tank placed amidships between the engines.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock on Monday night, an explosion occurred on board the screw steamer *Druid*, of and for Sunderland from Antwerp, when about seven miles off Yarmouth. A man named James Matthews, who was in the stokehole at the time of the explosion, was instantly killed, and four others were badly scalded. Lights were burned for assistance, and the Caistor lifeboat went off to the vessel and brought the dead and injured men ashore. They were conveyed to the hospital where the four men are progressing favourably. The *Druid* was taken in tow by another steamer bound for Grimsby. The explosion is supposed to have occurred through some defect in the boiler. It is stated that a slight explosion took place before the vessel left Antwerp, but that no harm was done, and the defect was supposed to be remedied.

An accident occurred on Monday on the Midland Railway between the Royston and Cudworth stations, the latter the junction for Barnsley. The train to which the accident happened is the 2.45 from Leeds, which is due at Sheffield a little more than an hour later. It was proceeding at the rate of about thirty-five miles an hour, when the tyre of one of the leading wheels of the engine snapped and came off. The engine kept the rails for upwards of 200 yards. It then left them, but fortunately did not run over the embankment. Several of the carriages also ran off the rails, and both the up and down lines were blocked for several hours. No passengers were seriously injured.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A **Grateful Father** is desirous of sending by mail, free of charge to all who wish it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father, a well-known physician, who has now discontinued practice. Sent to any person free.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, 2, King-treet, Covent-garden, London.—[Advt.]

THE CORAM STREET MYSTERY.

AN arrest for the murder of Harriet Buswell was made at Ramsgate on Saturday. It appears that about a fortnight before Christmas a German barque was stranded on the Goodwin Sands, and put into Ramsgate Harbour for repairs. A shipbroker, named Wohlebbe, from Antwerp, and a Mr. Hessel, a German clergyman, and his wife, who were on board, came to London on the 22nd December, and stayed until the 4th of January, when they returned to the ship. They were seen by Superintendent Buss and other members of the Ramsgate police, and it was thought that Wohlebbe answered the description of the Great Coram-street muderer. The authorities in London were immediately communicated with, and it was ascertained that the three prisoners had put up at an hotel in America-square, Minories, in the interval between the 22nd of December and the 4th of January, and that there was reason to belive that they slept there on Christmas night.

Shortly after one o'clock on Monday afternoon about a dozen men and boys, a portion of the crew or passengers of the ship *Wangerland*, attended at the Town-hall. Seven persons brought from London by Superintendent Thomson were there, invited separately to ascertain whether among the entire body they could identify the person they saw with the murdered woman, Harriet Buswell. Of the seven only two expressed their belief that the man was present, and both pointed out the pastor, Dr. Heinrich Jacob Bernhard Gottfried Hessel, a stout, well-built man, with closely-shaven face, on which were a few pimples. One of the witnesses, Conolly (the boy in the employ of Fleck, the greengrocer), said he was like him, but in an undertone added, "He ain't him, though." Sophia Douglas, the barmaid at the Alhambra, identified him as the man in question after he had been selected by the boy. Dr. Hessel said to a person standing near him, "I must be like him;" and after the girl had pointed him out, he observed, "Marvellous!" He was subsequently taken before the magistrates, and was handed over to the custody of Superintendent Thomson, who conveyed him to London.

At Bow-street on Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Gottfried Hessel was placed at the bar before Mr. Vaughan, charged with the wilful murder of Harriet Buswell, at 12, Great Coram-street.

Mr. Douglas Straight defended on behalf of the Consulate of the German Empire.

Superintendent Thomson, in preferring the charge, briefly stated the facts in connection with the death of the deceased, which are already well known to the public. On Saturday, in consequence of the description of the supposed murderer received by the police, a man named Wohlebbe was apprehended at Ramsgate. Several of the witnesses who had seen the man with whom the deceased was were taken down to Ramsgate. They, however, failed to identify Wohlebbe, but pointed out the prisoner as the person. Other witnesses were sent down, and said that the prisoner was like the man who had been seen in the company of Harriet Buswell. Mr. Thomson concluded his observations by observing that he should be able to prove that the prisoner was in London on the night of the murder, and should ask for a remand after the examination of two or three witnesses.

Mr. Straight said he had had a consultation with Superintendent Thomson, and would not oppose his application, but he had abundance of evidence to show that on the day of the murder the prisoner was confined to his bed with a severe illness at his hotel, and that he was attended by his wife and one of the waiters.

Harriet Wright, the landlady of 12, Great Coram-street, was then examined. She stated that she knew the deceased by the name of "Burton." She had lodged at witness's house for some little time past. She occupied the second-floor back. She went out at about ten o'clock on the night of the 24th of December, and returned at half-past twelve. Witness opened the door to her in the dark. The deceased brought in a gentleman with her, and he ran on ahead up the stairs. Witness could form no opinion as to his appearance. The deceased followed him up soon after. Witness asked deceased if she would like a light, and she replied that she would not, as she would be down again soon. Witness then went into the kitchen, and soon after the deceased came down to her and paid her 9s. off a bill which she owed her. She went upstairs again. She appeared quite sober. At about seven o'clock the next day witness, who was sleeping in the kitchen, heard a confused sound upstairs as if some one were trying to open the door. The door afterwards slammed. There was beforehand a heavy step of a man in the hall. The next morning when breakfast was taken up to the deceased she did not answer. The door was ultimately broken open by witness and other inmates of the house, and the deceased was found in bed with her throat cut. There were step-marks of blood on the floor, and smears of blood like the shape of a hand on the fireplace shelf. Dr. Murphy was called in at once, and saw the body in exactly the same state in which it was found. There were ten persons altogether in the house that night. The deceased's room was lighted by a paraffin lamp.

William Stalker, waiter at the Hotel Cavour, Leicester-square, said he knew a person by the name of Mrs. Brown. She occasionally visited the hotel. He had seen a portrait of the deceased, and identified it as the portrait of "Mrs. Brown." He saw her there with a gentleman on the night of the murder, between 10 minutes past 11 and half-past 12. They had refreshments, for which the man paid. Other persons were at the bar at the time, and some at the tables. Witness supplied the deceased with refreshment, and their account came to 4s. 6d. Witness had a good opportunity of seeing the gentleman. Witness helped him on with his coat. He spoke like a German. On Sunday night witness was called to the Town-hall, Ramsgate, and saw the prisoner among other persons, and picked him out. Witness identified him as the gentleman who was with the deceased. If it was not the man it must be his brother, on account of the likeness.

In reply to Mr. Vaughan, the witness said he had carefully considered before being so positive. Witness recognized him by the spots on his face, the rough beard, and from his face. He looked as if he had not shaved for two or three days. Witness, before identifying the prisoner, asked to hear him speak, and at once recollected the rough voice.

Mr. Thomson said the witness had been taken to identify several accused persons, but he did not identify one. Mr. Thomson here applied for a remand.

Mr. Vaughan first examined Mr. Thomson concerning the photograph of the deceased, which was produced in court, and then the prisoner was remanded.

Prisoner is a man of middle height, round face, of only slightly German type, sallow complexion, short and thin, darkish brown hair, no beard or whiskers, and with that smoothness of face which shows that those adornments have never flourished there. The so-called pimples are not red spots or blotches, but are small "warty" projections, two or three in number, on the forehead and on the lower side of the left cheek, nor is the face of a type that would at all indicate habitual dissipation or debauchery. He wore an overcoat of gray and black mixture, closely muffled up to his chin, and he maintained throughout the whole hearing a firm and determined attitude and bearing. Being asked his name, he replied in a strong and deep but rather powerful than coarse or gruff voice, by spelling out each word of his Christian and surname, and after that he made no further observation.

Little is yet known of his antecedents, but it is stated that he has been recently married to a young and pretty wife, who is of course overwhelmed with distress at the situation in which her husband finds himself.

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IN COURT.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

Some apprehensions were felt lest the sympathisers with "the Claimant" might seize the opportunity to make a demonstration on Monday forenoon—when Mr. Whalley, M.P., and Mr. Guildford Onslow, M.P., were cited to Westminster to answer the charge of contempt of Court, arising out of their speeches at St. James's Hall. No scene of excitement or disorder, however, arose; the crowd was small and respectable, and the accused made their way through it almost without even a recognition. The Court of Queen's Bench was crowded, chiefly with barristers, when the proceedings opened before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and three colleagues. Sir John Karslake appeared for Mr. Onslow, and after raising the question—on which he did not strongly insist—whether in a technical sense the case of "the Claimant" was actually under adjudication, urged that his client's remarks were made with no ill-feeling or animus, but simply with the view of correcting or counteracting the *ex parte* statements against "the Claimant," which the unfinished trial had placed on record, to his prejudice in the new trial. Mr. Digby Seymour took generally the same line for Mr. Whalley; but Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., for the prosecution, contended that the accused had made use of expressions which could not but prejudice the new trial; and Sir Alexander Cockburn, in giving the unanimous judgment of the Court, expressed the same view, affirming that Mr. Onslow and Mr. Whalley had been "guilty of a gross and aggravated contempt of the authority of this Court." After severely animadverting on the conduct of the accused—both in pleading the cause of a man under the gravamen of indictment for felony, and in lending their high position to such proceedings—the Lord Chief Justice assured them that if they had not promised to abjure all such objectionable action in future, he would have ordered them to be imprisoned; as it was, he inflicted the nominal fine of £100 each.

ANOTHER TICHBORNE SUIT.

Another case growing out of the Tichborne claim occupied a law court on Monday. At Leeds, a coach proprietor sued two local officers of "the Claimant's" Defence Fund for injuries done to a carriage hired for his progress through the town on two days; but the Judge of the County Court decided that the damage had arisen from no want of due caution on the part of the defendants—that the plaintiff's own servant had driven the coach—and that the proprietor must have known the risky character of the job before he agreed to let the carriage on hire. Judgment was given against the plaintiff.

ROMANCE OF THE BARONETAGE.

The Lords Justices have delivered judgment in the case of "Vane *v.* Vane," in which Frederick Henry Vane sought to establish his claim to the Vane baronetcy and estates. The plaintiff's bill stated that on March 9, 1797. Sir Frederick F. Vane married Hannah Bowerbank, with whom he had previously lived, and by whom he had had three children. The question which arose in the suit was as to the legitimacy of the third child. The bill alleged that early in the year 1797 Sir Frederick suddenly told Hannah Bowerbank that he had procured a licence for their marriage, which was to take place on the following day; that the announcement had such an effect upon her, that she was prematurely delivered of a third child; that on March 9, 1797, Sir Frederick Vane and Hannah Bowerbank were married; and that on the 9th of April following the child was baptised under the name of Francis Fletcher Vane, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, but that the register was afterwards tampered with, so as to make it appear that he was born on March [illegible], 1797, and therefore legitimate. After the marriage Sir Frederick and Lady Vane had a son, the plaintiff, who was born in May, 1807; that Francis was always spoken of and treated by his father as his legitimate son and heir apparent. Sir Frederick died in 1832, and was succeeded by Francis, who died in 1842, and was succeeded by the defendant, Henry Ralph Vane, his eldest son. The plaintiff had spent most of his time abroad since 1826, and it was not until 1866 that, in consequence of a conversation which took place between his wife and the defendant, Lady Olivia Vane, the widow of his brother Francis, that he entertained doubts as to his brother's legitimacy, and was induced to make the inquiries which led to the filing of this bill, which prayed a declaration that the plaintiff was entitled to the estates as the eldest legitimate son of Sir Frederick, and that the defendant might be ordered to deliver up possession accordingly. The case originally came before Vice-Chancellor Malins on demurrers put in by the defendants for want of equity, and also on the ground that the plaintiff's claim was barred by the Statute of Limitations. The Vice-Chancellor held that the Statute of Limitations did not apply to this case. Lord Justice James, in delivering their lordships' judgment, said the defendants must proceed to meet the plaintiff's case by answering his bill, and this appeal must be dismissed with costs.

A CURIOUS QUESTION OF LAW.

Fifteen of the judges met on Saturday to decide a curious question as to the law of stealing or larceny. One Middleton was a depositor in a post office savings-bank, and got an order or warrant for the withdrawal of the sum of 10s. He presented it at the post office, and handed in his book; but the clerk, referring by mistake to the wrong letter of advice, paid him £8 16s. 10d., which he took up and went off with. The mistake was discovered, and he was followed and brought back. When asked for his book he said he had burned it; but the true facts being shown, he was indicted for stealing the money he received. It was objected that there was no larceny, as the clerk had parted with the property, and intended so to do. In the course of the argument Baron Martin asked:—Suppose I give a cabman a sovereign instead of a shilling, and he takes it: is the man guilty of felony? The Attorney-General replied: Certainly. Baron Martin; Certainly! Well, I should have thought certainly not. Eventually the judges postponed their decision.

ANOTHER CURIOUS POINT OF LAW.

Fifteen of the judges met again yesterday to consider whether a woman named Bird had been properly convicted. The prisoner kept a merry-go-round at a fair, let out at a penny a ride. A girl got on for a ride, and gave her a sovereign, in change for which she gave back 11d. at once, and said she would pay the rest when the ride was over. The girl then asked for her change, but the woman denied that she had more than a shilling, for which she said she had given the full change. The prisoner was tried at the Bucks Sessions at Ailesbury and convicted on a charge of stealing 19s. The majority of the judges thought she could not be convicted of stealing the 19s. but added that they must not be understood as deciding that the prisoner could not have been properly convicted—upon issues being left to the jury of stealing the sovereign. She was discharged.

A SOLICITOR.

An amusing incident occurred recently at the Wandsworth County Court. It arose out of a case in which an unwilling witness had been subpœned by plaintiff. After being sworn, counsel for plaintiff began to examine the witness as follows:—Counsel: What is your name, sir? Witness: John Blank. Counsel: Your trade or profession? Witness: A solicitor, sir. Counsel (somewhat surprised): A solicitor, did you say, sir? Witness: A solicitor, sir. Counsel (after turning over the leaves of "The Law List"): I don't see your name here, sir. Witness: That's very likely. Counsel (gravely): How dare you come here and state—upon your oath, remember—that you are a solicitor? Witness (naïvely): I assert again, sir, that I am a solicitor—a solicitor of advertisements for a local paper—an occupation I have followed for the last eight years; and if I am not a solicitor after that I don't know the meaning of the word. Judge Stonor indulged in a quiet laugh at the expense of the checkmated counsel.

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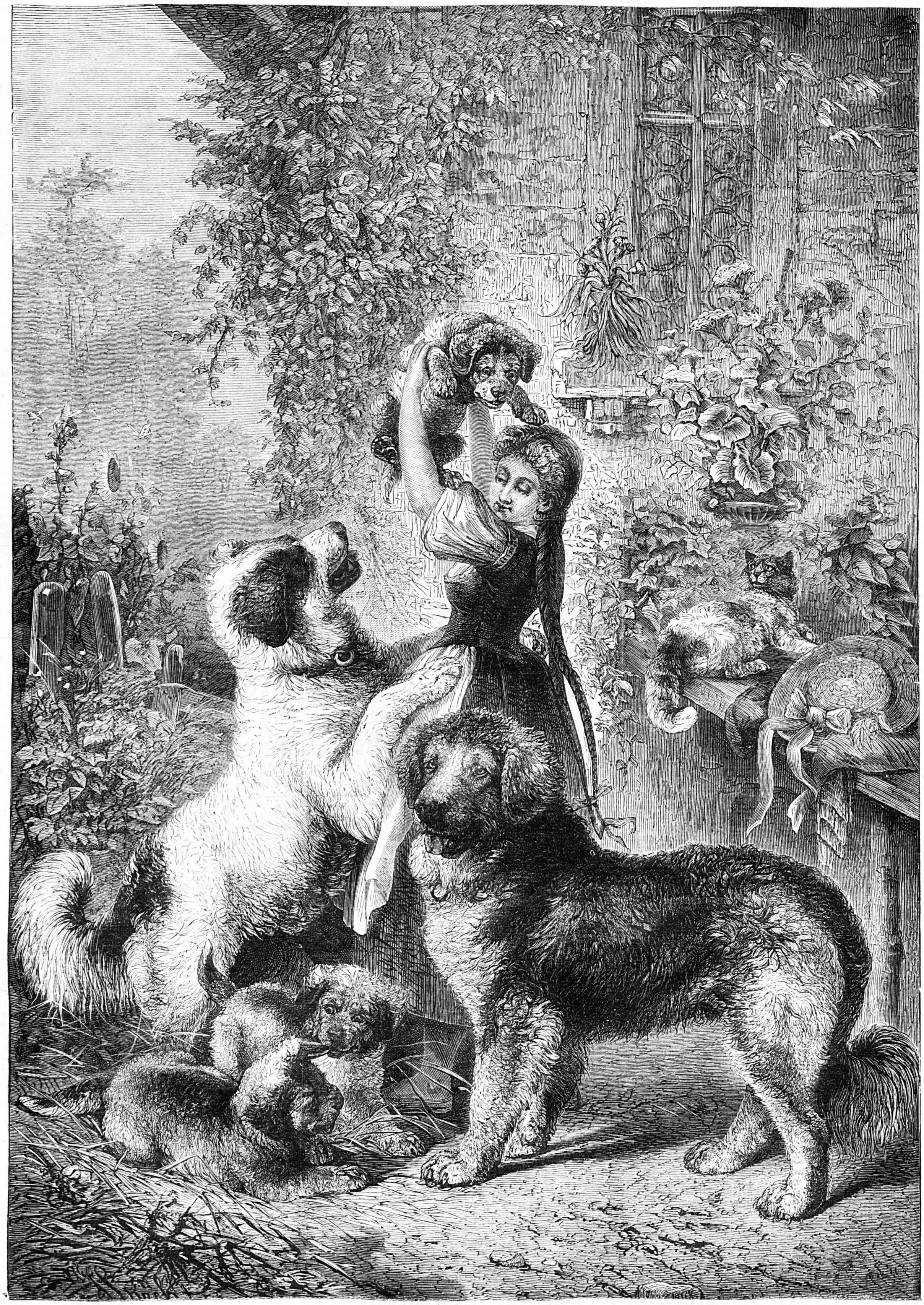

HOME PETS——(*From a Painting by the German Artist* F. Specht).

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